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onseed meal, car lots, $25 00; bag
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pd, 6⅞@7⅜c; pails, pure, 7¾@8c;
e leaf, 9¾@10c.
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14c; turkeys, 12@14c; eggs, 20@22c;
, 6½@8c; pork backs, $14 00;
s, 10¼@11c; mutton, 5½@6c.

UGUSTA CITY PRODUCE MARKET.

rrected Jan. 17, for the Maine Farmer.
. L. Webber.]
heese higher. New domestic cheese
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d. Butter in good supply. Fowl
ty. Chickens in better demand. Pork
dy. Veal firm.
EANS—Western pea beans, $2 25.
ow Eyes, $2 10.
UTTER—Ball butter, 20c. Creamery,

HEESE—Factory, 13c; Sage, 14c.
GGS—Fresh, 20@22c per dozen.
ARD—In pails, best, 9¾@10c.
ROVISIONS—Wholesale — Clear salt
, $11 50 per bbl.; beef per side, 8½
, smoked, 10½c; fowl, 10c; veal,
round hog, 5½c; lamb, 8c. Spring
kens, 13@14c.
OTATOES—40@45c per bush.
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RANBERRIES—$7 00@800 per bbl.

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MARKET.

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TRAW—Pressed, $9; loose, $5@6.
HORTS—95c per hundred, $19 00 ton
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s, 65c@$1 00; calf skins, 11c per lb.
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50, ton lots.
HICAGO GLUTEN MEAL—Ton lots,
50; bag lots, $1 50; Buffalo, ton lots,
bag lots, $1 25.
LOUR—Full winter patents, $4 30;
ing patents, $4 30@4 50; roller
cess, straight, $3 85@4 00; low grade,
0@3 40.
UGAR—$5 10 per hundred.
AY—Loose $10@12; pressed, $12.
IDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 8c;
hides, 8c; bulls and stags, 7c.
IME AND CEMENT—Lime, $1 10 per
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ARD WOOD—Dry, $5@5 50; green
0@4 00.
RAIN—Corn, 47½c; meal, bag lots,

ATS—72c, bag lots.

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Maine Farmer.

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Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

What made the apple trees bear might well be a question to claim the attention of the fruit specialists at some of their sessions.

Maine is going to grow beef again as fast as the farmers can get hold of cows that will bring calves suited to that line of effort.

By the use of commercial fertilizers Mr. C. L. Bray raises corn on the cob for 10 cents per bushel. Read his interesting letter in another column.

The San Jose scale has been found on a few fruit trees in Vermont. Heretofore this scale insect has not been found so far north as this. The trees have been burned.

The articles on restoring run-down farms are both by practical men who know from experience, and this after all is the best teacher, and they well deserve careful reading.

The state dairy commissioner of Minnesota reports that nearly every creamery in the state was inspected during the year, through which the farmers patronizing them have gained a profit that otherwise would not have been theirs.

The article on "Comparative Profits" on different crops suggests more careful and thorough study of cropping, which alone can insure largest returns, whether the figures here given be accepted in full or not. What was the net value of the crops grown on your farm last year and which one paid the best?

The shorter supply of hay fodders in store this year for stock is beginning to show more plainly as the winter advances. Hardly half the feeding season is yet past. Close attention and extreme care will go a good way in the feeding of stock. Not a straw suitable for fodder should be wasted. It will all be needed.

At the Vermont Dairymen's Association last week there were 125 exhibits of butter, the average score being 92¾, yet no one questions but that the butter shown at Lewiston was as good as that at Brattleboro. In fact, the inter-state exhibition at Portland settled that question one year ago in favor of the Maine butter maker, both private and corporate.

The question is asked how much gluten meal can be fed to cows without injury to the butter. Gluten meal has a tendency to make the resulting butter soft. A little fed will have some effect and heavier feeding more, just in proportion to the quantity. Fed in cold weather, a moderate amount of two or three quarts a day is not objected to, but in the warm season is objectionable in any amount.

Within the past few weeks the *Farmer* has had a number of calls from parties wishing to purchase Ayrshire stock, and if the breeders have a surplus, they surely can increase business by telling the story through our advertising columns. No matter how good your animals, how many you have, unless the public knows it there can be no sales. Advertise your surplus in the *Maine Farmer*, and find customers.

Every farmer should bear in mind, and shape his cropping accordingly, that leguminous crops like clover, peas, beans, cow peas, etc., leave the land on which they are grown richer in nitrogen than before the crops were produced. This element, nitrogen, is the most costly ingredient of our commercial fertilizers. By intelligent cropping the land should be made to grow its needed supply of this costly material. At the same time these nitrogen producing crops are otherwise profitable for our Maine farms.

For the Maine Farmer.

BRINGING UP A RUN-DOWN FARM.

A subscriber to the *Farmer* asks your advice and opinion as to the best method of bringing up a neglected farm. Having had some experience in this work, I will give it, as it may be of some use to him, as well as other readers of your valuable paper. When a farm is once under a high state of fertility, it is very easy to keep it so, but to take a run-down farm and get a living off of it, pay taxes, interest, etc., and bring it to a high state of cultivation, is an altogether different matter, one which requires no end of work and study. If the farm has no silo, the first thing I would do would be to build one of generous proportions, and not be too dependent on hay. I would raise corn enough to fill it on commercial fertilizer alone, planting Southern corn in drills with a corn planter. Fifteen to 20 tons of ensilage per acre may be grown in this way on 500 lbs. of fertilizer, equal to five tons of English hay. I would, the following spring, spread what manure I had on the old corn ground, harrowing it in, sow to barley and seed down to grass, threshing the grain and using the straw for feed in connection with ensilage. In this way you will be able to feed a large stock very easily, as very little hay will be required. As your supply of manure increases, you may manure the corn, but as very good fodder corn can be grown on a small application of fertilizer, I would save the manure for grass if my supply was short, as four cords per acre of manure put on at time of seeding down, will give you as good a stand of grass as ten cords will give after a crop of corn has been taken from the land. If you depend upon hay wholly as feed, you must buy a large quantity at first, or a large lot of manure, else you will be a good many years in getting up with the game. If favorably situated, make dairying your specialty, rather than stock raising, keep plenty of hogs, and above all, keep out of the sheep business, unless you have a rough back pasture that can be used in no other way. Do your plowing, if possible, late in the fall, as old fields are apt to contain white grubs which may be destroyed in this way. Apply your manure in the spring always, and sow your grass and grain just as early as it is possible to work the soil.

O. M. RICHARDSON.

Canton.

For the Maine Farmer.

ONE WAY TO BRING UP A FARM.

Mr. Editor: In your issue of Jan. 11th I see an article on renovating a farm and as I am very much interested in this subject (I think all farmers are for that matter) I have a few suggestion to make that may be of benefit to our brother farmers. In the first place the silo is one of the best means of improving the farm for it enables a farmer to keep more stock, and the more stock the more manure, the more manure the larger crops and so on. The silo need not be expensive, it can be built in a bin of the barn, just double board, with paper between, the object being to make it air tight as possible. I have one built in this way that I have used several years and it keeps the ensilage in good shape and I have no waste to speak of. At first I cut the fodder but that is quite an expense and now I put it in whole and I cannot see but the cows eat it just as well.

Now for the renovation of the farm. Last year I broke up two acres of mowing that had not been plowed for ten years or more and of course cut a very light crop of hay. I put on 500 lbs. of a complete fertilizer to the acre and planted to yellow corn, twelve rowed Flint variety. After it began to glaze well I picked off the best ears and cut the fodder and put it in the silo whole. I husked out 150 bushels of very good corn which I am having ground cob and all with oats, that I raised, and feeding to my cows with a very little cottonseed meal. I feed about 30 lbs. of this ensilage, and about 5 quarts of the corn, cob and oatmeal and cottonseed meal (about ¼ cottonseed meal) in two feeds morning and night and what hay the cows will eat clean at noon. This may not be exactly a balanced ration but my cows are doing well and it takes a small amount of hay.

Next year I shall take the two acres and put on a good coat of manure and plant to sweet corn for the factory. This should give me some cash to use, a good lot of fodder for the silo and the land will then be in very good shape to sow to oats and seed down. I shall plant more land to yellow corn in the same way for I think this is the way a farmer can bring up a run down farm and every year keep more and more stock, make more and more manure, and raise better crops.

I have tried plowing up old mowings and reseeding with no dressing of any kind and did not think it paid. If there is not much sod to plow in there is not much humus and we cannot expect to raise a crop with no manure, but if we can, by using fertilizer raise enough to pay for the same I think the land is in enough better shape for a future crop to pay for all the time it takes to cultivate it the first year. This article may call out an argument for and against the use of fertilizers by the poor farmer but as long as I can raise good yellow corn for 10 or 12 cents a bushel of ears, I shall continue to do so. I think too much of our money goes West for grain and the sooner we as farmers realize this and plan some way to raise more of our grain, the sooner we shall hear less about "Farming don't pay."

C. L. BRAY.

Libby Bros. have arranged one of the largest receiving cattle yards east of the Watertown market yards. It is the intention to make Burnham the receiving point for market cattle in Central Maine. To this yard will be brought the cattle of the surrounding country and here will be held "market days" for each week. The market days will be opportunities for the farmers to buy or sell, and when the week's sale is closed, the cattle remaining will be shipped at once to the greater market. They also propose to make this station the feeding point on the Maine Central for all the cattle going to the Massachusetts market from the east. At the present time, the Libby Bros. are feeding most of the cattle that come from far away Aroostook, and in the spring it is proposed to ask the Maine Central Railroad Company to lay a spur track that will hold at least ten cars, so that the unloading and reloading will be more convenient. It is said that an effort was made to get them to locate their yards in Waterville, but the gentlemen preferred to cling to the old place that was the scene of their father's great work as a cattle buyer, and this step is but an extension of a plan begun by him years ago.

WINTER MEETING STATE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The special winter meeting at New Gloucester Thursday and Friday was a complete success, the audience completely filling Town Hall at the opening session. With such attendance backed by well known and experienced speakers, the interest increased to the close and the wisdom of the present policy of the society is again vindicated. President Munson's able address on "Tillage and Pruning," must be reserved for another issue when more space can be given. It is a valuable contribution to our pomological literature.

The real work of the session began the evening of the first day, after the fine exhibit of fruit, plants, jellies, etc., were in position. A fine address of welcome was given by S. F. Sweetsir of New Gloucester, happily responded to by President Munson. Rev. Mr. Noyes of New Gloucester invoked divine blessing. The choir gave a selection and Mrs. V. P. DeCoster of Buckfield was introduced as the first speaker, subject, "Nature's Studies." On this line Mrs. DeCoster is an enthusiast and her address, which was published in the *Farmer* some weeks ago, was *thoroughly* enjoyed. Mrs. DeCoster is a pleasing speaker, apt in illustrations, and poetic by nature, so the address was a happy combination of instruction, and suggestions, fully appreciated by old and young.

Mrs. Anna Barrows of the Boston Cooking School gave a very interesting lecture on the art of cooking. Mrs. Barrows captured the audience at once, and manipulated the cooking utensils on the table before her in a lively manner, thus talking and working at the same time. It was a veritable object lesson in cooking to see what could be done with the various food products in the way of combination for the best results. It was the application of science to the art of cooking, and pleased the audience.

"Currants and Gooseberries," by B. H. Libbey, Newport.

Much has been said and written by eminent fruit growers in regard to the raising of fruit. The matter of small fruit has received its full share of attention, but more especially the strawberry, the queen of all berries. I am of the opinion that the currant and gooseberry have been sadly neglected, especially the gooseberry, because of their not being used enough to be appreciated and for that reason they have not been grown to the extent their merits warrant. To day they are coming to be regarded indispensable to the good housewife's store of jelly and preserves as well as to the profit of the fruit grower and should find a place in every farmer's garden. When fruit growing first became a business in this state, we knew but very little about the cultivation for a profitable crop and as little about what the market called for and still less as to the way and manner it should be disposed of, but had all the fruit growers attained that degree of knowledge and practice that a few have, this meeting would not have been called.

Profitable small fruit growing must ever remain in the hands of those who love the work. There are intuitive faculties and perceptions as well as enthusiasm and study necessary for success, and only a small per cent. have that appreciation or are willing to give that study which alone will sustain effort year after year.

Much also depends on the variety grown for the best are none too good. For gooseberries, I prefer the Downing for a market berry; they are large, attractive, and prolific bearers, but would recommend the setting of a few Industrys and Smith's improved. The Redjacket is highly recommended but with me, thus far, has not been a success. For profit, the gooseberry is as good a berry as I know of, the bushes have been known to bear for twenty years and yield a good crop when properly trimmed and cared for and the fruit always finds a ready market. In 1894, I set one hundred and fifty bushes and in 1895 they bore one quart to the bush. In 1896, they bore five quarts to the bush, in 1897 ten quarts to the bush. I have picked seventeen quarts from one bush.

The currant comes along partly with the raspberry and follows it for weeks; indeed none of the small fruits will remain so long upon the bushes without injury as will the currant, and since the introduction of the newer varieties, and the easy way of destroying the currant worm, this fruit is attracting more attention than ever before. If remuneration is the object with fruit growers, they certainly can find it in the currant and gooseberry.

From recent minutes of the horticultural society, it appears that Dr. Cannon of Geneva, from 1-16 of an acre, sold 15 bushels of currants, besides what was used in his own family, and his crop was estimated at 250 bushels to the acre, but an average of 150 to 200 bushels is an excellent yield. It is evident, therefore, that if properly cultivated, large profits are sure. In naming varieties, I should place Fay's Prolific at the head of the reds, and Lee's Prolific at the head of the black. The currant and gooseberry require about the same cultivation, are infested with the same insect enemies and require the same kind of treatment to destroy them. I use as a preventive, London purple or Paris green, applied before the fruit sets. If you begin its use as soon as the leaves become visible, there is not much danger of the worms injuring your bushes. Should you discover worms later, white hellebore in the proportion of ¼ lb. to 16 gallons of water, applied with spray pump, will check the ravages. After my berries are picked, I spray again to prevent the worms from working on the foliage.

Cultivation. I prepare the soil for gooseberries and currants about the same as I would for sweet corn, have it well pulverized and fertilized, set the bushes in rows six feet by six feet. This leaves room to run the cultivator, which should be done often. I then dig a hole large enough to set the bulb without cramping the roots, then sift in fine loam, making a soft bed for the roots to rest on. After putting in the bush, sift fine dirt over the roots until they are well covered, then hoe or shovel in the dirt, pack with your foot until the bush stands to suit you. You can raise quite a crop the first year by planting between the rows. I have raised a fair crop of beans in this way. Bushes set right and cared for will bear the second year, after which I keep them well mulched. A man raising fruit of any kind and wishing to prosper and build up a business, must be particular and put it on the market in the most attractive manner possible. The fruit should be picked and carefully sorted, allowing no imperfect fruit to be in the package, give good measure, *never deacon*, have the fruit as good in the middle as at the top, for there is always a market for first class fruit.

While the growing of currants and gooseberries calls for care, skill, application and a study of the habits of the bushes, for clean cultivation, good mulching and fertilizing, no man can succeed who does not appreciate the importance of marketing in the right manner and at the right time. Never sell immature fruit. You simply destroy the taste and desire for a good article. The demand for gooseberries has been seriously checked by the attempt to force immature, undersized and necessarily bitter berries on the market. Mature your fruit by the best of attention, ship only perfect berries of full size, give full measure and your customers will come again and again. This is the way to make the growing of currants and gooseberries profitable and yearly increase the demand for this luscious fruit.

Discussion.

Is it advisable to propagate currants to any extent? Get a good bush of an approved variety and propagate from this. Fay's Prolific is a convenient berry to pick. It grows out from the bush so you can take hold of it readily with the thumb and finger. Should never sell any but good ones. White Grape very fine in quality. Get fresh hellebore every time an application is made. Do not think much of Bug Death. Good wood ashes fertilize; heavy mulching the best treatment. Mulching can be composed of most anything except strawy material, containing weed seeds. Old boards laid down will keep the weeds down and conserve moisture. This will do for small patches, but too expensive on large areas. The man making the greatest success, so far as known, has a black soil. Clayey soils must be mulched heavily. Prune in the fall.

"Raspberries and Blackberries," by E. P. Churchill, Hallowell.

Raspberries and blackberries will of course live in almost any place in reasonably dry soil, though the raspberry does well in its wild state in very damp soil. With many of the improved sorts there is need of improved culture, at least, there are greater inducements to better care and harder work, ever keeping in mind we shall be rewarded according to our labor.

Land suitable for corn has long been a standard guide to grow the two species and it seems to me one very important point has been overlooked; where dressing is broadcasted we may expect many sucker plants, scattered and the same remote from the hill or row. Now we can overcome this very much by furrowing deep and using the dressing in these furrows as the plant will readily find its food. Dressed in the row will produce more fruit, stronger plants with far less work, and with much less dressing, and I will say, less weeds and grass.

It is the general practice to let the old growth remain until the next spring, but I prefer to cut out the old canes just as soon as possible after fruiting. The new plants will become more stocky, will ripen up far better and the rows need hoeing and working; the latter should be done without delay. One of the best tools to cut out canes with is a narrow spade; have it sharp, take a scythe stone along and keep it to a keen edge.

Until recently I have left my plants standing through the winter but the last two seasons have laid them all down, not by burying the tops (except the black raspberries), but by looping together bringing one top in by the lower part of another and so on making binders thereby for others. Many small plants can be held down, being under larger ones. I find it pays to even tie many with strings.

In spring the plants should not be straightened up at once but after a few days they will come up very much and will bear assistance. Then about one third the top should be cut off, care being taken not to work near deep rows, after the first season.

Where snow drifts over plants if laid down there is little danger of harm and if coal ashes or dirt or anything to absorb the heat of sun is sown on the snow early it is very sure to do good in cutting the hard snow.

If one hasn't applied fertilizers it should be done early in spring, even before plants are straightened up, and it seems to me ashes are excellent, and if spread along the rows when the plants are wet, all the better if adhering to them. A little salt, especially on dry soil is good, also fine bone or any element of it.

Three years ago this fall I applied a lot of muck together with large amount of mucky sod; this was taken direct and spread in deep furrows. A small amount of dressing from stable was strewn along on this, and some ashes and lime, then a furrow was turned in on each side and the piece of nearly one-half acre was set mostly to Cuthbert raspberries, a few Londons and a few blackberries. I never had so fine plantation, nor such fine, large fruit.

If manure is green and rank it is better to dress it out in the fall and set plants the next spring, as such dressing would often kill tender roots.

I nearly forgot to tell the whole story of the plants dressed with muck. On the same land a heavy crop of Japan buckwheat grew the straw which, after being threshed, was carefully strewn along the furrows, the muck on this; thus there was an extra quantity of vegetable matter right where needed, and being fixed in fall weather had no drying or bad effect.

Cut mulch is good in some respects yet it draws the roots near the surface and unless cut short is in the way of hoeing—frequent hoeing and cultivation is superior to mulch.

Raspberries—The old standard, the Cuthbert, I still grow, it being productive and of good size. I have increased the New London as fast as possible. In the future I shall plant only this sort for reds unless it be the Marlboro, which I find an excellent very early sort, perfectly hardy and thornless, a very large berry. I had them an inch across this last season on two years' old plants. Culture and dressing are sure to tell.

The New Columbian (a cross from red and black) I find a remarkable fruit, more prolific than the Shaffer, and berry is firmer, not quite as dark in color, and good enough to induce one to bestow extra care on the plants, as they are not perfectly hardy, but if allowed to grow uncut and laid down close they will astonish the grower.

The good old blackcap, Gregg, is a favorite sort with me, very large and firm and as productive as one could desire, good enough raw or canned, cooked or dried; plants not perfectly hardy, yet with care and proper treatment will give good satisfaction.

Blackberries—Years ago I grew the Snyder to quite an extent, but the berry was small and the canes were so apt to break off at the crown and being so uncomfortable on account of thorns, I discarded it. Something better I find in the Agawam and the Wachusett thornless, so-called, both excellent in every respect.

I want to caution all as to the extolled Oregon Evergreen blackberry. I have worked three years on one plant and have to say let it alone.

I wish to call the attention of the society to something peculiar. For a few years I have found many raspberry roots with enlargements, some as large as an egg, often two or three on one plant. The old plantations taken up were worse than plants of more recent setting. I am not able to tell whether it is a fungus or what, nor do I know as it was a detriment to the plant. Nothing of the sort has ever come to my notice before.

"The Strawberry," by E. W. Wooster, Hancock Point.

The strawberry, as far as the growth of the plant is concerned, if furnished plenty of water, will flourish well in the South; but where perpetual summer reigns it will not fruit well unless the growth is checked in some unnatural way.

The strawberry must pass into, at least, a partial state of dormancy before it can mature fruit-buds. The most natural way is by a low temperature, the best natural way is by drouth.

The strawberry is a cold-blooded plant, and will grow at a very low temperature, in fact, at all times when the ground is not frozen, even though covered they might be with several feet of snow. But the growth of the plant at this time is almost wholly confined to the roots and crowns, augmenting the fruit-producing powers of the plant.

The winter growth is much dependent upon the presence of green and healthy foliage, and unless this is preserved intact by proper covering as freezing weather approaches, very little improvement can be seen.

When the foliage has been removed from the plant by any cause which has not destroyed the roots and crown, its first efforts are all along the way to repair the damage that has been done, because it is impossible for it to produce fruit without foliage. If you mow off, or burn over a strawberry patch without injury to the crowns, you will never see a sign of a fruit-bud till after they have regained a strong foliage; but let a drouth attack a patch in full foliage, fruit-buds will at once begin to form; and if the season is long enough the result will be a second crop of fruit. I had a patch of early vines upon dry upland the past year that was attacked in this way, and they blossomed profusely in the latter part of September and during the whole of October. I gathered quite a number of quarts of ripe fruit from the middle of the latter month till the second of November, when a freeze came on that closed the season.

The question of variety will always be a burning one among the enterprising fruit growers. With me it is an ever-changing question, as far as the list of the most popular varieties is concerned; for, on the "Valley Farm" never has the list remained the same any two years.

Varieties of strawberries, like all other fruits, regardless of favorable seasons, will have their off years in fruiting; and I have noticed that on the off years of the usually productive varieties those varieties that have been only moderately productive most seasons then make their best showing. Before we had so many good staminates, some five years back, I planted more largely of the pistillates; for a time all went well, but when there came two wet seasons just at the blossoming period, matters did not go so well. With so many good staminates of all seasons as we now have, I do not take chances by planting largely of the pistillates. The pistillates are never as reliable on a wet season as the staminates.

All varieties, no matter how carefully propagated, will in time run out and become worthless, finally die. This is true of all life.

Ground should be planted two years to hoed crops before the strawberry plants can set. The potato crop is a good preparatory one. Supply potash in chemicals. New land is the best, take it right from the stump. Some varieties do better on high land, others on lower. On low land, surface and underdraining are necessary. Strawberries will grow well on stable manure, but if you want quality, use chemicals or commercial fertilizers. Should select plants from high-bred stock, but pedigreed plants don't amount to anything. Mr. Wooster has a new variety, which he has named Porto Rico. The Clyde has been a grand success. Recommended Glen Mary, Bubach and Parker Earle. Late fruiting berries not profitable with him. In planting on new soil, we get rid of the rust.

The paper on "Pear Culture," by the well known grower, Mr. D. P. True, Leeds Centre, failed to reach the *Farmer* office, and we have only the notes on the discussion taken by our special correspondent. The raising of pears in Maine is not now an experiment, but it is not best to try more than two new varieties at one time. Clapp's Favorite is a large, fine pear. Bartlett is too tender for this latitude. Flemish Beauty still has its old faults. Many of our pears fail to mature. Pears require a deep, rich loam. Trees should be set 15 to 20 feet apart. One speaker had sprayed the last two years. Thought it prevented cracking in his Flemish Beauty. The cause of this cracking not fully known. Sometimes it is desirable to graft them over. It was not thought that altitude had anything to do with failure. President Munson said pear trees need spraying with Bordeaux mixture.

"One Relation of Insects to Plants," by Prof. A. K. Kirkland, Acting Director of the Massachusetts Gypsy Moth Work.

"The practice of division of labor among human beings is as old as civilization. In fact in these later days it is generally considered that the degree of division and specialization of labor is a standard by which the social development of a community may be determined. In the average community each worker performs one or more kinds of labor, contributes one or more kinds of product and consumes a part of the products of other workers. To facilitate these various operations curious tools and elaborate mechanisms have been devised. Here human ingenuity taxed to the limit has yielded its most excellent product.

"The division of labor among insects and plants dates back to a period whose history has never been written and whose chronology we can only surmise. A single phase of the interrelations of insects and plants, that of the fertilization of flowers, furnishes a most delightful field for study and one which may be investigated with profit by every lover of the outdoor world. Here we find the mysteries of flower and seed production disclosed; here we learn of the most important service of the honey maker, and here we see mechanisms and adaptations between plant host and insect guest a thousand times more marvelous and exact than the best product of human brains directing human hands.

"Underlying all the interesting phenomena of this entrancing field of research is the fundamental principle of reproduction of species, the chief end of plant life. All other activities and stages of development are subsidiary or contributory to the attainment of this grand result. The hidden seed germinates, the roots develop, the leaves unfold, the stalk rises and the plant grows into the form and beauty of its parents. These are natural stages of development, mainly dependent upon ample food supply and proper climatic conditions. Granted suitable soil, proper warmth and adequate water supply, nearly all our cultivated plants can go thus far alone. With the approach of maturity the reproductive function develops, and buds and blossoms appear. Now the energy of the plant, working independently in this direction, for the time has reached its limit. It must now seek and receive the assistance of insect visitors and divide its labors with the members of the winged world before the crowning work of seed production can begin."

The historical aspect of our knowledge of the fertilization of flowers was reviewed, beginning with 1862 when Nehemias Grew astounded the savants of that day by the announcement of the fact, well substantiated by examples, that the pollen was the means of ensuring the fertilization of the flower and unless it reached the stigma, no seed could be produced.

"In the general controversy that followed the announcement of Grew's discovery much valuable energy was wasted in argument, and not until some fifty years later did the fact become firmly established and generally accepted. The work of Linnaeus at this time covering a large number of investigations, removed all doubt as to the function of the pollen. But even the great Linnaeus, father of natural history though he was, seems to have been in error as to the method by which fertilization took place. He appears to have believed that the stamens grew up over the pistil and at the right moment discharged their golden lead upon the waiting stigma—all of which was ingenious but not altogether correct.

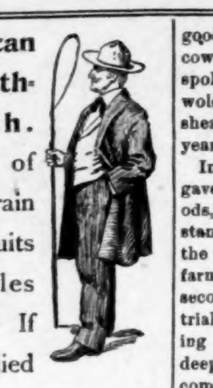
"Late in the 18th century, Christian Conrad Sprengel, a German scientist, given as much to reflection as to observation, found that there were hundreds of cases to which the Linnaean hypothesis would not apply. In many flowers where the stamens and pistils matured at the same time, the two sets of organs were separated by notable intervals of space across which the pollen could not pass unassisted. After long study he announced his startling discovery that flowers are fertilized by insects, that insects in seeking the nectar brush off the pollen and convey it to the stigma. While this author was thus the first to call attention to the role of insects in fertilizing flowers, yet other students were quick to note its importance and find that there were many problems in plant fertilization to which Sprengel's explanation could not be satisfactorily applied. In some blossoms the anthers ripened and discharged pollen days before the pistils matured. In others the pistils were fully developed and the stigmas wide open days in advance of the maturity of the anthers. These obvious difficulties were sufficient to prevent the general adoption of Sprengel's ideas and his work because forgotten in the seventy years that elapsed before the era of Darwin's labors in this field. The master-mind of Charles Darwin at once grasped the contradictory conditions which had seemed to refute Sprengel's theory, and drawing as it were, a *bee line* between the flower with mature stamens and the one with mature pistils, he removed the stumbling block, cleared up the mystery and enunciated that great law, "Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilization." Farther than that, he showed that flowers generally were adapted to secure cross-fertilization by aid of insects either through a difference in the time of ripening of the essential organs or through the development of special structures.

"For this work of cross-fertilization, nature has provided the most wondrous mechanisms, many of which we may study and admire with a minimum amount of effort. They may be found in every orchard; they may be studied in every pasture; every woodland exhibits them, and each garden spot numbers them by the score. Their very novelty attracts, instructs and delights and the more they are studied the greater becomes our admiration and the stronger the spell of their witchery over our senses.

"To appeal to the varying fancies of insects the delights of color, odor or flavor are most lavishly offered. Housewives know the force of the aphorism "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach", and the same rule governs the wooing of the flowers. Nectar, the chief ingredient from which honey is made, is the principal offering of the flower to its winged suitors, but this liquid sweetness is usually presented in such a manner as to cause the insect to participate unintentionally in the consummation of the flower's existence.

And here it may be well to emphasise

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]



No crop can grow without Potash. Every blade of Grass, every grain of Corn, all Fruits and Vegetables must have it. If enough is supplied you can count on a full crop—if too little, the growth will be "scrubby."

Send for our books telling all about composition of fertilizers best adapted for all crops. They cost you nothing.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

Held in Waldo, Cumberland and Lincoln Counties.

The Institute held, Monday, Jan. 8, at Swanville, was well attended. Mr. F. S. Adams spoke upon "Growing and Handling Farm Crops," in the afternoon. He believed in carrying more farm animals on a given area, and said that the crop producing capacity of our land was not fully appreciated by the farmers of the State, that as they came into a fuller understanding of what could be done by thorough, constant tillage and a shorter system of rotation we should find the value of our crops materially increased. Replying to questions by Mr. N. Smart, Thomas Nickerson of Swanville, and Mr. George Holmes of Waldo, the speaker commended the silo and spoke of silage as of more value for feeding with other foods than its analysis would indicate. Mr. S. W. Nickerson of Swanville, asked about turnips and beets as cattle foods, saying he had had great success with the former. The speaker, while he recognized the value of roots, would not advise their use to any great extent where corn can be grown, on account of the large amount of hand labor necessary to grow them. Mr. Horatio Marr of Swanville, asked as to the comparative value of ensilage and dried corn fodder. The speaker said that except for the extra waste of food nutrients in drying there was no difference, but that the succulence of the ensilage added to its value. Mr. Edward Evans of Waldo, spoke on growing Hungarian, saying that he had succeeded in growing three tons of cured Hungarian per acre. He said that the land should be a good corn soil and that it should be well fertilized. He would sow as early as the danger of spring frosts was past, about one-half bushel of seed per acre. Mr. Nathaniel Littlefield of Prospect, spoke on the growing of clover and feeding purchased grain. He could hardly agree with the speaker that buying feed was an unwise practice, as he could get at least $1.25 from each $1 expended for purchased grain. Good music was furnished by a choir consisting of Mrs. Ellwell, Mrs. Whitman and Miss Ethel Stevens.

In the evening, Secretary McKeen gave a talk on "Farm Fertility." Many questions were asked and much interest shown in the matter. Mrs. Louisa Cunningham, the grange lecturer, expressed a determination to secure a traveling library at an early date. Comet grange is enlarging and refitting its hall, and a very lively interest in the work is manifested by all the members.

At Center Montville, Tuesday, Jan. 9, Secretary McKeen gave his talk on "Farm Fertility," in the forenoon. In reply to questions by Mr. F. E. Gray of Montville, the speaker said he thought that it had been an unfortunate tendency of commercial fertilization that farmers have, in some cases, come to overlook sources of plant food nearby and quite easy of access, and to go into the markets for it. Crosbie Fowler of Unity, asked questions in relation to plowing in manures, saying he had had good success from closely following the practice, but that he thought if ground was plowed and immediately reseeded, better results came from working in the manure on top of the furrows. E. F. Benton of Freedom, asked about the use of sawdust as an absorbent. The speaker advocated its free use and said that it was the best absorbent he knew of. Mr. Joseph Ellis, the local member of the board, spoke upon the good work he was doing with hogs in adding to the value of his manure, saying he fed them in such a way that they worked the heaps over most thoroughly.

In the afternoon, Mr. Adams spoke on "Growing and Handling Farm Crops." The round silo was favorably commented on. Mr. Crosbie Fowler gave his experience in growing Sanford corn, saying that he got more corn, longer ears and more seed with this variety than with any other. Rev. T. R. Pentecost of Montville, asked about the comparative value of bran and mixed feed. Mr. Adams replied that he preferred the bran. Mr. F. E. Gray of Montville Center, stated that he had grown 100 bushels of shelled corn per acre with no commercial fertilizers. It was done by careful plowing, thorough tillage and the use of selected seed. He commended the sulky plow, and said that with it he could handle his land to far better advantage than with the walking plow. B. F. Foster of Halldale, spoke in favor of roots, saying he had grown, the present year, 150 bushels of carrots on a very small piece of ground and was getting good results from feeding them to his cows. Mr. F. A. Johnson of Freedom, spoke of his success in feeding Cotswold and Southdown sheep, having sheared 18 pounds of wool from a 3-year-old Cotswold buck.

In the evening, Secretary McKeen gave a talk on "Improved Farm Methods," urging his hearers to adopt higher standards of work, to try to instill into the minds of the young the idea that farming presented advantages for them second to none in other lines of industrial labor, and the necessity of cultivating a higher moral sentiment and a deeper sense of duty, so that they shall come to feel the full responsibility of their position and be prepared for it. Excellent music was furnished by the choir of Union Harvest grange, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. White and Miss E. A. Sprowl.

At Belmont, Wednesday, a bad storm prevented a large attendance in the forenoon. Mr. Adams gave his talk on "The Growing and Handling of Farm Crops." He said there was room in the markets for all the cows we could produce, that the reputation of our animals made them very salable, and that we should bend every effort possible to the production of these animals. He said that Maine sent 13,000 cows into the Massachusetts markets last year, that out of the whole lot, all being tested with tuberculin, only five were rejected. This shows the healthfulness of our animals. We should send 26,000 cows into these markets next year. They will al be wanted. The average life of a milch cow in Massachusetts is but five years. The chairman of the Massachusetts cattle commissioners told the speaker that he could at any time place a carload of good cows at from $75 to $80 each. Mr. V. B. Paul of Morrill, said he believed in tillage, in hoeing his crops before they were planted. George Morse and E. R. Howard of Belmont Center, asked about building silos and much interest was shown in the growing of corn for fodder purposes.

In the afternoon, Secretary McKeen spoke on "Farm Fertility," many questions being asked; Mr. S. A. Pitcher of Belfast, giving his ideas of growing young animals, said that in his practice he had found that it paid to feed liberally at all times; that he was almost in favor of crowding, and that he should prefer it to light feeding. Mr. H. A. Dean of Lincolnville, asked about the quantity of grain that should be fed to cows in order to obtain best results. Secretary McKeen replied that it would depend upon the capacity of the cow, the length of time she had been in milk and the kind and quantity of coarse fodder used, but that he would say for an average ration for a 1000-pound cow in full flow of milk, he would not feed above six quarts of mixed grains per day, about one-half of which, by weight, should be wheat bran or ground oats, and the remainder corn meal and cottonseed or gluten in equal parts.

In the evening, the question of improved farm methods was discussed and at the close of the meeting Mr. Ellis addressed the people, urging them to extend their work, to keep more stock, to develop the agricultural resources of the county. He spoke in favor of dairying and the establishment of creameries, saying the practice of selling hay so long prevailing in the county was disastrous, that it must be stopped, that the future prosperity of the county would be measured very largely by the number and value of its live stock. In closing he thanked the people for their attendance and attention, saying that while formerly it was necessary to drum up audiences for our farm institutes, we were now able to fill our halls, and that such had been the case in every meeting of the series. Good music was furnished at the evening session by the choir of Mystic grange, consisting of Mrs. Mabel Moody, Mrs. Nellie Marriner, Mrs. Laura Pease, Bertha Bean, Noah and LaForest Allenwood and Edward Elms, Mrs. Marianna Farran, organist. Mrs. Nellie Marriner and Mr. LaForest Allenwood each gave recitations which added to the interest of the meeting.

The institutes for Cumberland county began at Bridgton, Thursday, Mr. A. A. Ingalls presiding. In the morning, Prof. Gowell gave his lecture on "Breeding," bringing out many questions of value, particularly those in regard to the necessity for prepotency in the animal. He said that could only be obtained by following a definite line of work in breeding and getting into the animal as much as possible of the blood of producing ancestors. Breed for productive capacity, not for color, the turn of the hair or any other fancy markings. The necessity for a good constitution was dwelt upon, the speaker claiming that this must be born in the animal, that it could not be fed in, that it was an inherent quality which comes from ancestry and not from feeding. The necessity for ventilation was touched upon and the speaker claimed that the best herd of cows in the state could be ruined by being confined in close, illy ventilated quarters for any length of time. Breed characteristics were taken up and dwelt upon and the specific functions of each were pointed out. The speaker believed there was no better cow in Maine, to-day, for butter production than the producing Jersey, no better beef animal than the Hereford, and said that there were certain variations in the different breeds of dairy and of beef animals which fitted them for special work. The Holstein cow was spoken of as the ideal producer of milk, tall, large, hearty and robust, with good bag and teats. The Guernsey cow was favorably compared with the Jersey as a butter producer, and the Ayrshire with the Holstein as a producer of milk, its milk being a little richer than the Holstein milk, but less in quantity. The Shorthorn comes close to the Hereford as a beef producer, and when their value as producers of oxen is considered, they are not far behind any other breed for this class of work.

Prof. Gowell again spoke, dealing mainly with the feeding and problems of the farm and the growing of crops. Corn and the silo took much of his time, as there appeared to be great interest along these lines. The Sanford corn was termed the best for close soils. It could be grown in immense quantities and made the best of ensilage. Mr. Chas. Gould of North Bridgton, asked if ensilage would taint milk. The professor replied that it would not if properly fed, that grass or green clover fed in too large quantities would taint both milk and butter, and that it was the same with ensilage. Mr. I. W. Barker of Naples, asked if other crops besides corn could be made into ensilage. The reply was that at the Experiment Station at the present time they have some fine oat and pea ensilage, that it is light colored, free from any offensive smell and comparatively sweet. These conditions were obtained by cutting somewhat green and then cutting in one-inch length into the silo, and weighting. Good music was furnished by the choir of Highland grange, consisting of I. W. Barker, Mrs. Hight, Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Bangs, organist. In the evening, Mr. G. M. Burnell presided, and Secretary McKeen gave his talk on "Farm Fertility." Mr. J. E. Fitzpatrick rendered several accordion solos which were much appreciated and which added to the interest of the meeting.

At Naples, Friday, Secretary McKeen spoke, forenoon and afternoon, on "Farm Fertility" and "The Feeding of Farm Animals." Much interest was shown in the Hoard stall and it was fully described. Mr. P. P. Larrabee of Naples, said that after two years' experience with a silo he was inclined to the opinion that he had never heard a speaker make too extravagant claims for it; that it should have a place on every dairy farm in Maine. He was much pleased with his separator and believed it a very profitable investment. Mr. G. A. Glover of Naples, gets best results from plowing in manures. Mr. Chas. Young gets better stand of clover when the seed is worked into the ground somewhat deeply. Mr. J. E. Barker inquired about the relative value of Maine grown corn. The statement was made that the same grade of either kind of corn would probably be of about the same feeding value. Mr. Chas. Young said there was not nearly as much poor Western corn brought into our markets now as formerly. In the evening, Mr. Adams gave his talk on "Growing Farm Crops."

At Bolster's Mills, the same day, Mr. Adams spoke in the morning on "Farm Crops," Prof. Gowell in the afternoon, on "Breeding Animals," and in the evening on "The Plow and the Cow." He was followed by Secretary McKeen, who spoke briefly along lines of soil improvement. Mr. S. C. Barrows, master of Crooked River grange, presided during the day and evening.

At Pownal, Saturday, Prof. Gowell spoke on "Breeding Animals." In the evening Secretary McKeen gave a talk on "Improved Farm Methods," and Mr. Adams made brief remarks. Good music was furnished, day and evening, by a quartet consisting of Frank Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tuttle and Arthur Noyes, Mrs. Noyes, organist. Several readings were finely given by Mrs. Katherine Knight, and Miss Ella Y. Hodgdon, Mrs. C. L. Dunn, Mrs. Edgcomb, Miss Etta Libby and Mr. Frank Haskell each favored the audience with solos, and at the close of the meeting all hands joined in singing "America." This was probably the most largely attended farmers' institute ever held in Cumberland county and the people one and all vied with each other in trying to make it pleasant for the speakers. With the enthusiasm which was so apparent, the large number of young people, a newly organized grange, and a fine hall, it would seem that much progress must be made along agricultural, educational and social lines. Mr. C. H. Hodgdon presided during the day and evening.

The institute at King's Mills, Whitefield, Friday, was well attended. Mr. E. E. Light gave his lecture on "Dairying" in the morning, and Mr. Rollins spoke on "Orcharding" in the afternoon. The speakers were quite closely questioned, much interest being shown in both subjects. In the evening, Prof. Munson not being present, Mr. John M. Winslow spoke along the lines of crop production, replying to many questions. His remarks tended to show his faith in the land, and that he believed in making it more productive by more intensive work and the growing of a greater variety of crops. He believed in the self-sustaining farm, one that produced the largest amount possible of fodder crops.

At South Jefferson, Saturday, Mr. Rollins spoke on "orcharding," bringing out the necessity for clean culture, good fertilization and care in preventing depredations by insects and fungous diseases. Mr. Light spoke in the afternoon and emphasized the necessity of good work in the dairy. It was claimed by the speakers that they represented the two leading industries in the state and the people should wake up to their importance.

In the evening, Prof. Munson spoke on "Small Fruits," and answered many questions in relation to the growing of strawberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries. His remarks finally turned upon beautifying home grounds and he spoke at some length along this line These institutes close the series for the year and it would seem that the interest so manifest at the beginning had been fully maintained until the very close.

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If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

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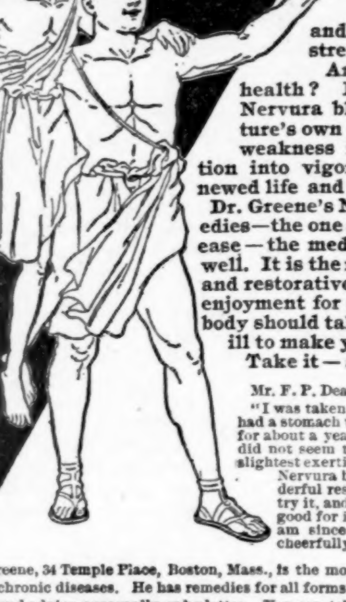

What is it all the world hungers for? Strength, energy, the electricity, the vigor and power of youth.

What makes these things? Why, fiery blood, and snapping nerves, iron strength, superb health.

And whence comes superb health? By the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy (nature's own medicine), we may build our weakness into strength, our exhaustion into vigor, our prostration into renewed life and energy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the remedy of remedies—the one sure and perfect cure for disease—the medicine which makes people well. It is the renewer of life, the true tonic and restorative, which gives appetite and enjoyment for all life's pleasures. Everybody should take it,—if well to keep so; if ill to make yourself well.

Take it—and be strong.

Mr. F. P. Dearth, Woodsville, N. H., says:—

"I was taken sick and was ailing for a long time. I had a stomach trouble and was not able to work much for about a year. I employed a doctor for a year, who did not seem to hit my case. I was weak and the slightest exertion wearied me. I heard of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and of its wonderful results on other people, and I resolved to try it, and from the results I can say nothing but good for it. I have not been as well in years as I am since taking Dr. Greene's Nervura, and I cheerfully recommend it to all."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain sealed envelopes.

NEW 20TH CENTURY CREAM SEPARATORS

Sept. 1st marked the introduction of the Improved 20TH CENTURY "Baby" or "Dairy" sizes of De Laval Cream Separators and these newest "Alpha" disc machines are simply unapproachable by anything else in the shape of a cream separator. Overwhelming as has been the conceded superiority of the De Laval machines heretofore their standard is now raised still higher and they are more than ever placed *in a class by themselves* as regards all possible competition. Send for new catalogue.

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The End of the Century Calendar.

The great progress of the printer's art in the nineteenth century is fittingly marked in this closing year by the artistic calendar we have just received from N. W. Ayer & Son, newspaper and magazine advertising agents, Philadelphia. True to their motto of "Keeping everlastingly at it," Messrs. Ayer & Son have so made this calendar, year after year, that a demand for it has sprung up that always quickly absorbs the edition. This calendar's proportions are commensurate with its dignity as an art work, but its size is determined solely by utility. The figures are of the generous dimensions that quickly catch the eye and make it a favorite with business men; there are also helpful suggestions accompanying each month's figures, and there is a rich ensemble of color and design. This edition will not last long; while it does, those who send 25 cents to the publishers will receive a copy postpaid.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At a meeting of the West Penobscot Agricultural Society at Exeter, the following officers were elected: B. P. Hubbard, Stetson, president; J. T. Fogg, Garland, vice president; F. E. Jewett, secretary and treasurer; F. W. Hill, Exeter, H. G. Parshley, Dexter, S. M. Paul, Garland, trustees.

Cattle Commissioner Adams, with Dr. Fairbanks of Lewiston, inspected the herd of Alanson Rose & Son, Greene, last week, and killed a number of animals, reacting under the test, all of which were found to be diseased.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Married.

In this city, Jan. 2, George B. Pillsbury to Miss Eva Mae Jameson.
In Bar Harbor, Jan. 1, Albert Mitchell to Miss Lura Tenan; Jan. 1, Harvard L. Carter to Miss Vesta H. Kief.
In Bethel, Jan. 1, Chas. W. Robertson to Miss Addie R. Corbett.
In Biddeford, Jan. 8, Dr. Charles E. Lord to Miss Annie L. Ingersoll.
In Deer Isle, Jan. 3, Horatio G. Eaton to Miss Lizzie Hutchinson, both of Deer Isle.
In Denmark, Jan. 10, C. E. Ryder of Brownville to Miss Louise Colby of Denmark.
In Dresden, Jan. 1, Alfred W. Call to Miss Bertha Mayers of West Dresden.
In East Madison, Jan. 1, Arthur E. Dunlap to Miss Maud Martin.
In East Otisfield, Dec. 31, Alanson Lunt to Mrs. Callie Green, both of East Otisfield.
In Eastport, Jan. 3, William R. Farris to Miss Amy M. Lewis, both of Eastport; Jan. 10, Harry B. Hammond of Boston, Mass., to Miss Lena Smith of Eastport.
In East Sumner, Jan. 8, Daniel R. Palmer of Sumner, to Mrs. Lizzie Gordon of Lewiston.
In Farmington, Jan. 3, Wm. H. Kennedy to Miss Mattie F. Russell.
In Hope, Jan. 1, Samuel E. Wentworth to Miss Ida F. Payson of Union.
In Lubec, Jan. 4, John B. Benney of Red Beach, to Miss Lena M. Holmes of Lubec; Jan. 6, Edward B. Porter to Miss Rosanna Tinker, both of Lubec.
In Machiasport, Jan. 7, Burton R. Austin to Miss Emma B. Sears, both of Old Orchard.
In Milo, Jan. 1, Wm. H. Towne of Sebec, to Miss Ina M. Brown of Milo.
In Orland, Jan. 4, Everett W. Harriman to Mildred F. Bray, both of Orland.
In Otisfield, Jan. 2, Alpheus S. Holden to Mrs. Ada Green Stuart, both of Otisfield.
In Portland, Jan. 6, Capt. Leroy K. McKown of Boothbay to Miss Mary L. Richardson of Portland; Jan. 11, Maurice W. Redmond to Florence I. Redmond, both of Portland.
In Portsmouth, Jan. 1, John Lacy to Miss Estelle Webber.
In Saco, Jan. 1, Joshua Smith to Miss Clara Roberts.
In Skowhegan, Jan. 9, Ralph Edward Leavitt of Purcell, I. T. and Miss Mary Helene Goodwin of Skowhegan.
In Stonington, Jan. 3, George E. Robbins to Mrs. Annie M. Robbins, both of Stonington.
In St Stephen, N. B., Jan. 1, Chas. E. Martin to Miss H. S. Huston, both of Eastport.
In Tremont, Jan. 1, Andrew E. Parker of Tremont to Miss Ida M. Savage; Jan. 1, Clifford M. Robbins of Tremont to Miss Pansy B. Lovering of Concord, N. H.; Jan. 2, Ernest H. Stanley to Miss Florence M. Mason, both of Tremont.
In Trenton, Jan. 8, Edwin T. Hopkins to Miss Winnie E. McFarland, both of Trenton.
In Trescott, Jan. 6, Frederick Kelley to Miss Bertha M. Colson, both of Trescott.
In Vinalhaven, Jan. 3, Frederick Arey of Stonington to Miss Edith Beverage of Vinalhaven.
In Warren, Jan. 1, Lewis H. Burgess to Miss Martha S. Caswell.
In Wilson's Mills, Jan. 3, Arthur A. Flint of Wilson's Mills to Maitie Hilliard of Colebrook, N. H.

Died.

In this city, Dec. 29, Miss Emma Howe, aged 23 years.
In this city, Jan. 4, Mrs. Julia Dillingham, aged 63 years.
In this city, Jan. 19, Miss Annie I. Doherty.
In this city, Jan. 18, Mrs. Olive Bowditch, aged 80 years.
In Albany, Jan. 4, Mrs. Joseph Scribner.
In Auburn, Jan. 1, Mrs. Emma, widow of the late Deacon S. F. Stetson of Sumner, aged 72 years; Jan. 4, Jeremiah B. Sands, aged 68 years.
In Bangor, Jan. 9, Jonathan Perkins, aged 65 years; Jan. 9, Robert E. Jamesen, aged 36 years, 4 months.
In Bath, Jan. 13, Susan, widow of John Lemont, aged 81 years, 2 months; Sarah A. Tyler, aged 76 years, 1 month.
In Belfast, Jan. 1, Mary J. Pitcher, aged 67 years.
In Bluehill, Jan. 5, Mrs. Georgiana M. Perry, aged 44 years, 11 months.
In Boston, Mass., Jan. 2, Miss Edith C. Cloonan, of Eastport, aged 25 years, 4 months.
In Brewer, Jan. 9, Mrs. Rosanna, widow of the late Samuel Burr, aged 79 years, 9 months.
In Buckfield, Jan. 10, Harry M. Chaffin, formerly of Norway.
In Cape Elizabeth, Jan. 9, Mary, widow of the late Rev. Zebulon Manter, aged 83 years, 2 months.
In Dennysville, Jan. 3, James W. Bennett, aged 29 years, 3 months.
In Fairfield, Jan. 3, Thomas Burrill, aged 86 years.
In Harrison, Jan. 7, Eunice Winn, a native of Denmark, aged 73 years, 8 months.
In Howland, Jan. 1, Charles J. Cummings, aged 42 years, 9 months.
In Lewiston, Jan. 4, Samuel Tetlow, aged 59 years; Jan. 7, Charles H. Huntington, aged 38 years.
In Machias, Jan. 8, Lydia Longfellow, widow of David G. Wilson, aged 93 years, 8 months; Jan. 9, Charles M., son of John A. and Ida L. Hatt, aged 4 years, 10 months.
In North Anson, Jan. 6, Mrs. Emily A. Paine, aged 65 years.
In Norway, Jan. 5, Mrs. Eliza A., widow of Clarendon W. Starbird, aged 74 years, 5 months; Jan. 8, Mrs. Matilda C., widow of Alanson B. Watson.
In Oakdale, Jan. 13, Mrs. Hannah Webster, Stark, aged 62 years.
In Old Orchard, Jan. 11, Mrs. Hannah C. Gilman, aged 88 years.
In Pembroke, Jan. 3, Mrs. Julia Ann Johnson, aged 95 years, 7 months.
In Penobscot, Jan. 8, Richard Leach, aged 68 years.
In Portland, Jan. 9, Freeman H. Farris, aged 76 years, 10 months; Jan. 12, Ecla P., wife of Edward E. Cheney; Jan. 12, Emily N., wife of Albert T. Peabody, aged 61 years, 4 months; Jan. 12, Margaret A. Bradley, wife of William Logue, aged 46 years; Jan. 13, Lizzie Florence Thompson, aged 25 years, 3 months; Jan. 13, Hannah Webster, widow of the late Henry C. Stark, formerly of Fryeburg, aged 82 years, 2 months; Jan. 14, Henry A. Harding, aged 52 years, 11 months; Jan. 13, Mary A. McCue, wife of John A. Barry.
In Richmond, Jan. 1, William Carr, aged 81 years.
In Rockland, Jan. 4, Mrs. Mary J. Phillips, aged 77 years.
In Sanford, Jan. 1, Moses Rankin, aged 65 years.
In South Portland, Jan 6, Lena H., wife of Winslow Bowers, aged 38 years; Jan. 6, Joseph P. Rankin, aged 76 years, 5 months; Jan. 3, James S. J. Skillin, aged 68 years, 6 months; Jan. 11, William H. Wentworth, aged 61 years, 1 month.
In Sullivan, Jan. 7, Moses Henry Preble, aged 65 years.
In Washington, Jan. 8, Mrs. Charlotte Hudson, widow of Warren Brown.
In Wesley, Jan. 9, Ernest W. Gray, aged 36 years, 10 months.
In West Brownfield, Jan. 4, Horace E. Chamberlain, aged 58 years.
In West Ellsworth, Jan. 9, Mrs. Leona Small, aged 29 years, 2 months.
In Woodfords, Jan. 9, Mrs. Ellen Chamberlain, widow of the late Capt. Wm. M. Chamberlain, aged 81 years, 4 months.

Hood Farm Test.

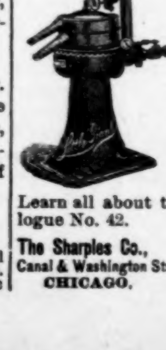
Elphie May 69396 is a cow that has in the past few months attracted special attention in the Hood Farm herd on account of her particularly good appearance, her large, evenly shaped udder and good sized, well placed teats. Those who have admired her will be interested to know that in 10 months and 12 days she has milked 8633 lbs. 10 oz. which tested 550 lbs. butter. She is a full sister of Elsie Walcott, 14 lbs. 6½ oz., and is by Sophie's Tormentor, our ideal of a stock getter, that is, he sires cows that have proved themselves to be profitable dairy animals.

"He Mistakes the Effect for the Cause."

That is what the person does who tries to cure rheumatism or any other disease by relieving the symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla attacks the cause of these diseases. It neutralizes the acid in the blood and thus permanently cures rheumatism. It tones and strengthens the stomach, restores its natural digesting fluids and permanently cures dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 25 cents.

Save the Pennies.

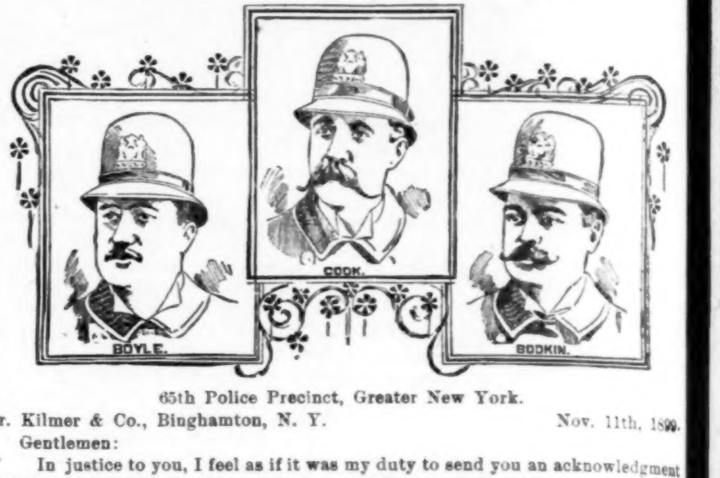


The butter fat left in the skim milk by the old process of dairying would go a long way toward educating the boys and girls if saved and converted into fine flavored, high quality butter. The Sharples Separators will save the butter fat and make it sell at the highest market price. Learn all about them in our free Catalogue No. 42.

The Sharples Co., Canal & Washington Sts., CHICAGO. | P. M. SHARPLES, West Chester, Pa. U. S. A.

WONDERFUL CURES BY SWAMP-ROOT.

To Prove What This Famous New Discovery Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the "Maine Farmer" May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.



65th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Nov. 11th, 1899.

Gentlemen:

In justice to you, I feel as if it was my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy you so kindly sent me. I had been troubled for the past five years with kidney and bladder trouble. I had our best physicians prescribe for me. They would relieve me for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small bottles and I consider myself perfectly cured. I do not have to get up during the night to urinate as I formerly did, three and four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers have, and are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all our friends, and we recommend it to all humanity who are suffering from kidney and bladder diseases.

My brother officers (whose signatures accompany this letter), as well as myself, thank you for the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root. We remain Yours very truly, JAMES COOK. HUGH E. BOYLE. JOHN J. BODKIN.

Officers of the 65th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

What a Woman Says of Swamp-Root.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler of 268 Boston St., Lynn, Mass., writes on Dec. 11th, '99: "About 18 months ago I had a very severe attack of grip. I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I finally was able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pains in my back. My water at times looked very like coffee. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength and was all run down. The doctors said my kidneys were not affected, but I felt certain they were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield, of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle, and inside of three days commenced to get relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the completion of this one found I was completely cured. My strength returned, and today I am as well as ever. My business is that of canvasser, I am on my feet a great deal of the time, and have to use much energy in getting around. My cure is therefore all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me." MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp Root investigated by the *Farmer*, the ones which we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speak in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

So when your kidneys are sick you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince you—and you may have a sample bottle free for the asking.

When your kidneys are not doing their work, some of the symptoms which prove it to you are pain or dull ache in the back, excess of uric acid, gravel, rheumatic pains, sediment in the urine, scanty supply, scalding irritation in passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night to empty the bladder; sleeplessness, nervous irritability, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes the feet, limbs or body bloat, loss of ambition, general weakness and debility.

Swamp-Root is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice; and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

To prove its wonderful curative properties, send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., when you will receive, free of all charge, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a valuable book by mail prepaid. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of this world-famous kidney remedy. Swamp-Root is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a free sample bottle, and to be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Augusta *Maine Farmer*.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

ECLIPSE CREAM SEPARATORS $30.

Skim Closer, Last Longer, Run Easier, than any costing twice as much. Book of information for the asking.

DIRIGO ENGINE WORKS, 193 Federal St. Portland, Maine.

JERRARD'S SEED POTATOES & EARLY SEEDS

* ALWAYS EARLIEST & BEST *

THE GEORGE W. P. JERRARD CO. CARIBOU, ME.

STEEL ROOFING

THE ONLY TOOLS YOU NEED.

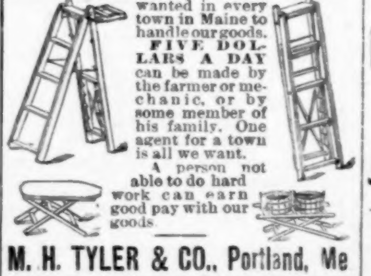
We have on hand 25,000 squares BRAND NEW STEEL ROOFING. Sheets either flat, corrugated or "V" crimped. Price per square of 10x10 feet or 100 square feet............ $1.75

No other tool than a hatchet or hammer is required to lay this roofing. We furnish with each order sufficient paint to cover, and nails to lay it, without additional charge. Write for our free catalogue No. 188, of general merchandise bought by us at Sheriff's and Receiver's Sales.

"OUR PRICES ARE ONE-HALF OF OTHERS."

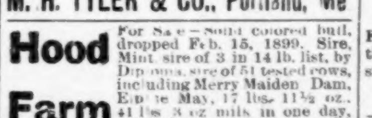
CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO. W. 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago.

RELIABLE + AGENTS



wanted in every town in Maine to handle our goods. FIVE DOLLARS A DAY can be made by the farmer or mechanic, or by some member of his family. One agent for a town is all we want.

A person not able to do hard work can earn good pay with our goods.



M. H. TYLER & CO., Portland, Me

Hood Farm Jerseys

For Sale—Solid colored bull, dropped Feb. 15, 1899. Sire, Mint, sire of 3 in 14 lb. list, by Diploma, sire of 51 tested cows, including Merry Maiden. Dam, Empire May, 17 lbs. 11½ oz., 41 lbs. 3 oz milk in one day, 8,633 lbs. 10 oz in 10 months and 12 days, testing 550 lbs butter; by Sophie's Tormentor, sire of 16 in 14 lb. list. Write for price to HOOD FARM, Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE.

A lot of heavy paper, just the thing for sheathing. Price low. Call at the MAINE FARMER OFFICE.

R-I-P-A-N-S. 10 for 5 cents at druggists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter, one will do you good. 1y20

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.

ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Deposits, August 1st, 1899, $6,282,953.88
Surplus, $420,230.28.

TRUSTEES.

J. H. MANLEY, LENDALL TITCOMB,
L. C. CORNISH, B. F. PARROTT,
TREBY JOHNSON.

Deposits are placed on interest the first of February, May, August and November.

Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August.

Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes and accounts are strictly confidential.

Especial privileges afforded to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married women and minors.

EDWIN C. DUDLEY, Treasurer.

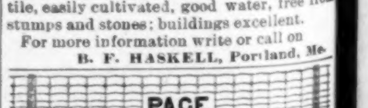
Hobart Farm Jerseys

For Sale—Solid dark fawn bull, dropped Dec. 21, 1898. Sire, Premier Pedro 49272, the average butter test of whose dam, granddam and great granddam is 22 lbs. 13 oz., a grandson of Pedro 3187, sire of 27 tested daughters over 18 lbs., and sweep-takes prize winner at World's Fair; and of Marjoram of Linden 43600, test of 22 lbs. 12 oz. for T. S. Cooper. Dam is a 40 lb. daughter of Kathleen's Son 17660, the only son of Kathleen of St. Lambert 5122, milk record of 50 lbs. at 11 years, dam of Ida of St. Lambert, butter test of 30 lbs 2½ oz., milk test of 67 lbs., and Allie of St. Lambert, milk test 62 lbs. and butter test 26 lbs. 12 oz. Price *very reasonable*. Write to HOBART FARM, Dover, N. H.

100-Acre Farm to Let.

Within ten minutes' walk of Mechanic Falls Village, a good farm, productive, fertile, easily cultivated, good water, free from stumps and stones; buildings excellent.

For more information write or call on B. F. HASKELL, Portland, Me.



"IT BEATS THE BAND,"

how others try to imitate Page Fences. Can't do it.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., ADRIAN, MICH.

SOMERSET OATS.

Grown on my farm from seed selected from year to year to produce an oat especially fitted for the State of Maine. Imperfect grains have been carefully screened out, and they are guaranteed to be free from weed seeds. Weigh 40 pounds a bushel. Send for a sample. TURNER BUSWELL, Solon, Me.

CURES
SWAMP-ROOT.

s New Discovery Will Do for
he "Maine Farmer" May Have
solutely Free by Mail.

, Greater New York.

Nov. 11th, 1899.

my duty to send you an acknowledgment
mp-Root, the great kidney, liver and blad-
been troubled for the past five years with
best physicians prescribe for me. They
the old complaint would in a short time
f Swamp-Root and I found it did me a
eight small bottles and I consider myself
during the night to urinate as I formerly
sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all
man. Two of my brother officers have,
ke myself, cannot say too much in praise
mmend it to all our friends, and we rec-
ing from kidney and bladder diseases.
es accompany this letter), as well as my-
brought to the human race in the com-
Yours very truly, JAMES COOK.
HUGH E. BOYLE.
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and have to use much energy in getting
e remarkable, and is exceedingly gratify-
MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

breathlessness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes the feet, limbs or body bloat, loss of ambition, general weakness and debility.

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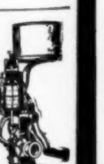

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POTATOES & EARLY SEEDS
EARLIEST & BEST
P. JERRARD CO. CARIBOU, ME.

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SOMERSET OATS.
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This I Will Do!

I will pay $100 reward for any case of colic, horse ail, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that

Used and endorsed by the Adams Ex. Co.

Tuttle's Elixir

will not cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when applied by remaining moist on the part affected.

WAITS RIVER, VT.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE.
DEAR SIR: *I have used your Elixir on one of the worst spavins that I ever saw on a horse, and it entirely cured the lameness. I also used it for rheumatism in my family with just as good result, and will cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a liniment.*
O. B. GOVE.

Tuttle's Family Elixir cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Pains, etc. Samples of either Elixir mailed free for three 2-cent stamps for postage. Fifty cents buys either Elixir of any druggist, or it will be sent direct on receipt of price. Particulars free.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Prop'r,
27 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

MAINE CENTRAL R.R.

Arrangement of Trains in Effect Oct. 2, 1899.

FOR BANGOR: Leave Portland, 6.55, 10.25, A. M., 12.35, 1.20, †11.00 P. M., 7.20 A. M. (Sundays only) via Brunswick and Augusta; 1.10 P. M., via Lewiston and Winthrop; leave Brunswick, 12.15, 7.55 and 11.27 A. M., 1.34 and 2.25 P. M., 8.15 A. M., Sundays only; leave Bath †11.45, 7.20 and 10.50 A. M., and 5.00 P. M.; leave Lewiston (upper) 9.50 A. M., 2.35 P. M.; leave Lewiston (lower) 6.55 and 10.25 A. M., and 12.40 and †11.10 P. M.; leave Gardiner, †1.12 and 8.05 A. M., 12.17, †2.15 and 3.20 P. M., 9.03 A. M. Sundays only; leave Augusta, 1.35 and 9.07 A. M., 12.33 †2.30 and 3.45 P. M., 9.15 A. M., Sundays only; leave Skowhegan, 8.20 A. M., 1.35 P. M.; leave Waterville, 2.25, 9.50, 6.20 A. M., and 1.20, †3.10 and 4.30 P. M., 9.57 A. M. Sundays only.

FOR ST. JOHN and AROOSTOOK Co. Leave Bangor 4.35 A. M. and 2.05 P. M. leave Bangor for Ellsworth and W. C. R. R., †6.00 A. M., and for Mt. Desert Ferry and Bar Harbor, 9.30 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.; for Bucksport, 6.50 and 11.50 A. M., and 4.55 P. M., and 7.00 P. M. (Saturdays only).

A train leaves Portland at 8.30 A. M., for Lewiston and Farmington. Trains leave Portland at 1.10 and 5.15 P. M. for Lewiston at 5.10 P. M. for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta and Waterville.

The mid-day trains connect for Rockland Farmington, Phillips, Kingfield, Rangeley, North Anson, Skowhegan, Belfast, Dexter, Dover and Foxcroft, Bar Harbor and Bucksport, and night trains run every night between Boston and Bangor, connecting at Brunswick for Lewiston, Bath, and, by waiting at junction points, for Skowhegan excepting Monday mornings and for Belfast, Dexter, Bar Harbor and Bucksport, excepting Sunday mornings.

FOR PORTLAND, BOSTON, and WAY STATIONS: Leave Houlton, 8.20 A. M., and 2.00 P. M. via B. & A., 4.25 P. M. via C. P.; leave St. Stephen, 7.40 A. M., 4.40 P. M.; leave Vanceboro, 9.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M.; leave Bar Harbor, 10.00 A. M., 3.25 P. M.; leave Ellsworth, 11.53 A. M., 5.31 and 9.58 P. M., 6.08, P. M., Sundays only, leave Bucksport, 8.50 A. M., 3.00, 6.15 P. M., 5.50 A. M. Mondays only; leave Bangor 7.15 A. M., 1.35, †6.00 and 11.45 P. M., 8.00 A. M. (Sundays only) leave Dover and Foxcroft (via Dexter), 7.05 A. M.; leave Belfast, 7.15 A. M. 1.20 P. M.; leave Skowhegan, 8.20 A. M., 1.35 P. M.; leave Waterville, (via Winthrop) 9.15 A. M., 2.30 P. M.; (via Augusta) 6.00, 9.15 A. M., 2.30, 3.15, 10.05 P. M., 1.22 A. M., 9.50. A. M., Sundays only; leave Augusta, 6.35, 10.00 A. M., 3.10 3.48, †10.55 P. M., 1.55 A. M. 10.25 A. M. Sundays only; leave Bath 7.20, 10.50 A. M., 4.00 P. M †11.45, (midnight) 11.05 A. M. (Sundays only) leave Brunswick, 7.47, 11.20 A. M., 4.22 4.48 P. M., 12.25 3.05 A. M. (night), 11.30 A. M. Sundays only; leave Farmington, 8.35 A. M. 2.25 P. M.; leave Lewiston (upper) 7.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.25 P. M.; leave Lewiston (lower) 6.55, 10.25 A. M., †11.10 P. M.

The morning trains from Augusta, and forenoon trains from Bangor and Lewiston connect for Rockland. Trains run between Augusta and Gardiner, Bath and Brunswick and between Brunswick and Lewiston, at convenient hours, for time of which, as well as time of trains at stations not mentioned above reference may be had of posters at stations and other public places, or Time Table Folder will be cheerfully furnished on application to the General Passenger Agent.
†Daily.

GEO. F. EVANS,
Vice Pres. & General Manager.
F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Ag't.
Sept. 28, 1899.

Augusta Safe Deposit
AND TRUST CO.

Opera House Block, Augusta, Me

TRUSTEES.

J. MANCHESTER HAYNES, PRES.

EDWIN C. BURLEIGH, NATH'L W. COLE,
W. H. GANNETT, CHAS. H. WHITE,
H. M. HEATH, L. J. CROOKER,
F. W. KINSMAN, BYRON BOYD,
F. S. LYMAN, W. SCOTT HILL,
ORRIN WILLIAMSON, G. T. STEVENS,
IRA H. RANDALL, HORACE E. BOWDITCH
GEO. N. LAWRENCE, F. E. SMITH.

Deposits Received Subject to Check and INTEREST PAID ON THE DAILY BALANCES.

In Savings Department, interest paid QUARTERLY at the rate of 4 per cent per annum on Deposits remaining THREE MONTHS or more. Interest computed from the 1st and 15th of each month.

All Deposits Subject to Check and Strictly Confidential.

High Grade Bonds and Investment Securities Bought and Sold.

Burglar & Fire-proof Safe Deposit Boxes To Let.

F. E. SMITH, Treas.

Banking Hours 9 to 4 daily. Saturdays 9 to 12.30 P. M. 1y20

KENNEBEC COUNTY. . . *In Probate Court at Augusta, in vacation, Jan. 12, 1900*
EMERY O. BEAN, Guardian of JAMES H. TURNER, of Readfield, in said county, insane, having presented his eleventh account of guardianship of said ward for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.
G. T. STEVENS, *Judge*.
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, *Register*. 12

KENNEBEC COUNTY. . . *In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the second Monday of January, 1900.*
NOAH G. LYFORD, deceased, Guardian of HERBERT A. and MERTIE E. BICKFORD of Belgrade, in said County, minors, by his Executrix, ELLEN M. LYFORD, having presented his final account of Guardianship of said Wards for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.
G. T. STEVENS, *Judge*.
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, *Register*. 12

Treats with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book.

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Poultry.

MY POULTRY LOVING WIFE.

My wife, she raises Plymouth Rock and yellow Leghorn hens,
And has a well-selected stock of parks and breeding pens;
She knows the ins and outs of all the chicken-market tricks,
And talks of naught from spring till fall but perches, coops and chicks.
She nothing cares for local news or tariff measures new.
The latest paper will refuse, or idly glance it through,
Then look aggrieved, but not because of human wrong and strife,
It has no page for chicken talks, so fails to please my wife.

Sometimes she writes, but not in verse, though that is bad enough,
She gives the public something worse, her "biddie widdie" stuff;
And oft above my spouse's name, I blush at this device,
"A Poultry Woman's Yearly Gain," or "Certain Cure for Lice."
But not a word I dare to say, it would not do at all,
She's such an independent way and makes me feel so small;
So day by day the season through, my sole intent in life
Is playing second fiddle to my poultry loving wife.

But sometime this has got to stop, for I shall find a way
To oust those chickens, neck and crop, at no far distant day.
She did not wed a patent nest or breeder's pedigree,
But truly for the worst or best, she one time married me.
And if you on the chicken page should miss a woman's name,
Just sweetly smile, or wildly rage, it all will be the same;
But know one lonely biped, (man), is now with pleasure rife,
And I've converted Mary Ann, my poultry loving wife.
—*L. Mitchell, in Farm Journal.*

Fat poultry alone will bring returns satisfactory to the owner. Never kill or sell a scrawny bird. Put everything in shape for the market before it passes from your hands.

Make a frequent change of the litter in the pens and keep everything dry. Dampness invites disease. A frequent change also promotes activity and this surely increases egg production.

The man who gets the warm morning mash to the hens as soon as they leave the roost and who only feeds a small quantity will find his flocks busy all day and healthy because of this exercise.

Never allow the laying hens to store up fat. It clogs the egg machinery and diverts attention of the functions. Fat for market, good growth and muscle for eggs. Keep the object clear and distinct all the while else there will be failure at the extremes.

Men complain about the figures given of prices and profits while they are selling eggs to the huckster and live fowl to the peddler taking what each one will give, and losing the profit they are sure to make. The ability to sell to advantage is a greater art than that of producing and no man can be counted a success who cannot compass both. Study the business ends of the business.

Did you notice last week that while "Eastern" eggs sold in the market for 23 to 24c per dozen, "nearby and fancy" were quick at 30 to 45 cents. Into which lot did yours go, poultry producers of Maine? This division is not sectional as the terms might indicate but relates only to quality and freshness enters in here to a very large extent. The eggs fresh from the nest, carrying the blush of youth were the ones selling for 45 cents. It costs as much to produce "Eastern" as "nearby or fancy" eggs yet the difference in price makes a wide variation to the hen men of New England. Every man who has eggs to ship might enter the "nearby" class if he so willed. Right here is the hitch.

Are the flocks mated for the coming year? There is no time to lose. Select the best birds, not those with most fancy markings alone but those of best shape and size, discarding everything in the way of weak or ailing stock. One of the greatest drawbacks to the money making side of poultry culture has been the slip shod policy of selecting the largest eggs from the basket with no knowledge of the hens behind them. No man ever maintained a flock in this way. There is no flock but will surely run down where this policy holds. Improvement comes only through the use of best stock for breeding. For this reason each year finds the student of the problem urging critical selection of the layers who are to furnish eggs for hatching and with this their early mating. Do not delay longer. Breed this year for larger flocks and surely for better birds, better in the sense of more rapid growth and greater production.

Hens are the cheapest scavengers on earth. A small flock will get a good proportion of their living during a large part of the year from the wastes and refuse from an ordinary kitchen and garden. The meat scraps, vegetable peelings, stale bread and other wastes will be utilized to the best advantage. We knew a woman, says *Poultry Monthly*, who said it eased her conscience greatly to have hens to which she could feed these things, instead of throwing them away. All the poorer vegetables and tops, weeds, etc., from the garden, furnish excellent hen feed. These wastes may be turned into a source of profit. The advantage of having fresh hen fruit, whose origin and age you know, is apparent to any one who has had experience with the "fresh eggs" of the average grocer. The advantages of having the choicest of fresh meat always on hand are also apparent. Then there is the interest and satisfaction that attach to the breeding and care of what usually come to be considered as pets. Many a boy or girl has been guided into a useful and profitable business through having the care of a yard of fowl. Many of the fanciers of to-day, who breed the best birds, and are authorities on the subject, began with a few hens in a back yard or some out of the way corner. No man can be a true fancier without being a better man.

SUIT YOUR CUSTOMER.

If your market wanted all bones and paid no attention to the meat then surely the man who would realize most would be he who suited his customers. The fact is it makes no difference what our fancy may be when we go or send to market any stock. It may be perfection in our minds, but the only man who is going to decide the question is the buyer. In proportion as the goods please his eye will he pay for them. The difficulty in the way is that of putting our conceptions or fancies out of the way and letting the wishes of the buyer settle the question. Just now it is yellow legged and meated fowl which are wanted and the thing to do is to feed for this as well as to select in breedings. If it was black it would be the same lesson.

BROILER MAKING.

In northern New England with our long, severe winters the making of early broilers becomes a problem vastly different from what it is in the warmer middle states. At the same time there is no question but there is a good opportunity for the enterprising poultry man to win in some dollars during the early spring months. First of all he must organize small breeding flocks, not more than eight hens to a male, and these must be put to work scratching for dear life all day. The food must be of a strengthening, invigorating but not of a fattening nature. Of course if any extensive operations are contemplated the incubator becomes an absolute necessity and it is very much a question to-day whether these useful machines are not to be a part of the outfit of every poultry man growing one hundred or more chicks. Competition and a thorough knowledge of the principles of artificial incubation have multiplied machines and reduced cost until they are within the reach of all. With these of course must go the brooder and so valuable has this become that its use must be general with all chicken growers.

The incubator must have a room where the temperature will not vary, like a dry cellar and the brooder be placed where there will be least risk of accidents from fire. A brooder to take care of fifty to one hundred chicks until five or six weeks old, need not cost over five to eight dollars, and as the chicks grow to fill the space the larger and stronger can be given a warm pen outside with a covered run at night. Heat of course is necessary to keep up the temperature and hurry the birds along. One who has had experience says:

"To make a chick grow to broiler size, care, feed, fresh air and exercise are necessary. From the first day, the chick must grow and continue to do so until killed for market. If some grow faster than others, the weak must be separated from the strong, so that only chickens of the same development are kept together. The general care of growing chicks means cleanliness, especially in the hovers, sufficient litter in the brooder runs in order to induce exercise in scratching for grain.

Feed is, of course, a matter of experiment. The best first feed the writer has ever used is rolled oats for the first day, and then a mash made of other good mixed food. Young chicks should be fed on an average, every two hours, but this time should be regulated by their appetites. They should be fed when hungry, and if at the expiration of the two hours they do not seem eager for food, they should be made to wait an hour; the idea being to have them always come to the feed board with fresh and ravenous appetites. In three days at the longest, they can be given cracked corn and whole wheat and cabbage, or mangels. Where grain is fed, the mash should be given only once a day, but green food every day. Fresh water is very necessary, and a constant supply.

The most important disease young brooder chicks are subject to is a bowel trouble. This can be, in a great measure, cured by mixing chick size grit in the mash. This compels the chicks to eat the grit, so necessary for the digestion of their food. Grit is absolutely necessary, and must be eaten. As the chicks grow, they should be given stronger and stronger food until they mature as broilers. Food is well enough, but it is not of the greatest importance unless coupled with fresh air and exercise. Many beginners err in that they coddle their chicks. Young chicks are not delicate because they are small; on the contrary, they are quite hardy, and should be kept so. Even in cold weather, chicks at one week old can stand windows wide open, provided they cannot get out, a few hours each day. Exercise, almost constant exercise, is absolutely necessary for perfect health. They must be made to work for their food. This means good digestion and a fresh appetite. A healthy brood of young chicks should be in almost perpetual motion.

As they grow, the brood in each compartment should be thinned out. This is important for general health. Growing chicks should never be crowded. It may be thought that all this means a great deal of trouble; it does, there is no doubt, but the reward will come when in April you can sell a first-class dressed one and one-half pound broiler at 75 cents or $1.

BOSTON POULTRY SHOW.

The annual New England Poultry Show held last week in Boston was a pronounced success, the awards on the leading classes being as follows: Among the awards we notice that of Rev. C. E Peterson of Hartland, Me., who won nearly everything on Houdans, a grand laying breed of French fowl.

Oakland farm carried off first and second prizes in exhibition yards over 14 competitors, first prize for light Brahma cocks, first and second for light Brahma pullets. It also took first and second prize for Buff Cochin cocks, hens, cockerels and pullets. For light Brahma hens, Fred D. Lesure of Winchester, N. H., and H. H. Bumford of Waltham took first and second respectively; J. W. Shaw of Brockton secured first for light Brahma cockerels. In the novice classes for light Brahma hens, cockerels and pullets, all the prizes were swept by F. R. Moeller of Newark, N. J. In the Buff Cochin novice class, Charles C. Partridge of Hyde Park carried off first and second for cocks and hens.

Walter C. Baylies of Taunton captured firsts for Partridge Cochin hens, cockerels and pullets, and seconds for cocks, hens and pullets, first for cocks having been taken by E. W. Crowninshield of Boston, who also gathered in second for cockerels. The prizes in the novice class fell to E. M. Brown of East Whitman.

A. E. Swasey of Taunton had things very much his own way among the Black Cochins, taking first and second for cocks, second for hens, and firsts and seconds for cockerels and pullets. P. H. B. Frelinghuysen of Morristown, N. J., won first on the hens.

In White Cochins, Brooks & Wells of Readville won first for cocks, hens and pullets, second for hens and pullets. Philander Williams of Taunton took second for cocks, and McNeil & Oke of Canada won first in cockerels and second in pullets.

E. T. Gibson of Nashua, N. H., was the greatest winner in the Black Langshan class, winning first for hens, first and second for cockerels, first for pullets and second for cocks. J. S. Remington of Greenville, R. I., got the second for hens, and Batty Bros. of Lawrence the second for pullets.

William Ellery Bright, Waltham, was the lucky man in the Barred Plymouth Rock class, taking first prize for cocks and cockerels. M. S. Gardner of Philadelphia won first in hens, and second in cockerels. The Grovehill poultry yards of Waltham took first in pullets and cockerels and second in cocks, Uriah Stafford Company of Pawtucket, R. I., receiving second in hens, and C. H. Latham of Lancaster second in pullets. In the novice class, Harry Waldron of Providence won both prizes for pullets.

The prizes for White Plymouth Rocks were much scattered. H. A. Nourse of Barre took first for hens and pullets; Stafford Bros. of Fall River, first for cocks; E. H. & S. H. George of Groveland, first for cockerels, and second for hens; Frank Case of Holliston second for cockerels, and A. J. Fisher of Milford, N. H., second for pullets.

Premiums for Buff Plymouth Rocks were also split up. S. E. Gesner of Derby, Conn., garnered first and second for pullets and second for cocks; first for cocks went to H. W. Higgins of Orange, F. W. Field & Son of Somers, Conn., were awarded first and second in cockerels, and for hens first was awarded to Miles H. Louer of East Onandago, N. Y., and James H. Corwith of Water Mill, N. Y.

There were numerous prize winners in the class for Rhode Island Reds. First and second for single comb cocks went to Samuel Cushman of West Mansfield and J. S. Hawes of Reading; in single comb hens, Daniel P. Shove of Fall River and John Crowther of the same town took first and second. Charles H. Allen of Apponaug, R. I., took first and E. H. Macomber of North Dartmouth second for single comb cockerels, while first and second for single comb pullets went to Mr. Allen and Mr. Freelove, respectively. In the rose comb variety of this class, E. S. Macomber of North Dartmouth took first and John Crowther of Fall River second for hens; Daniel P. Shove and R. G. Buffington of Fall River first and second for cocks. John W. Freelove received first for cockerels and second for pullets, Samuel Cushman of West Mansfield second for cockerels, and Stafford Bros. of Fall River first for pullets.

In Black Minorcas, George H. Dexter of Everett won first for cockerels and pullets and second for cocks; the Elm Poultry Yards took first for cocks and second for pullets; J. H. Minshall of Brantford, Ont., first and second for hens.

First prize for capons went to J. H. Curtiss of West Norwell, and second to W. H. Rudd, Son & Co., of Boston.

Thomas Leavitt of Dorchester received first for drakes hatched prior to 1899, first and second for 1899 drakes, and first and second for 1899 ducks in the Pekin duck class.

Horse.

Style and finish are more conspicuously necessary in the horse than in other domestic animals.

Wm. J. Wheeler So. Paris, sold his well-known and fast mare Guess-So by All-So last week to John S. Olney of Lonsdale, R. I. Guess-So has a race record of 2.29 and is very speedy.

Palo Alto the great breeding establishment of the country has passed into the hands of the Leland Stanford University, California, and will be conducted by its officers.

As mares increase in years there is a tendency to take on flesh, and if you desire to preserve their fertility you will have to guard against this. Free range and plenty of exercise, feeding only oats and timothy hay of the best quality, will promote a healthy condition and keep down the tendency to fat which always is an injury to the colt as well as an obstacle in breeding.

The old idea that brood mares and race horses are benefited by a thorough "freezing out" during the winter months is a relic of the dark ages. On the other hand the better they are cared for the more useful and profit yielding they prove the following season They need not be housed up all winter in a warm box stall, but they should at all times have access to shelter and windbreaks.

One of the easiest and most effective ways to clean the mud from the legs of a horse is to take a piece of sacking or burlap and passing it around the leg take an end in each hand and draw it rapidly back and forth in the same manner the shoe polisher does when giving you a "shine." The rapid action of the dry burlap creates heat and dries the skin, as well as effectually removing the mud.

If a man wants to get a good summer's use out of his horse he must see that the horse is well wintered. If the animal is shoved away in any old place and fed a few cornstalks now and again he will come out poor as a crow and it will take the best part of the season to get him in shape to do himself justice, and at that he will give his owner little satisfaction for he will have neither speed nor good looks all summer long.

Mr. F. P. Olcott, the New Jersey breeder, makes a novel suggestion in the *Review* for doing away with the laying up of heats. Mr. Olcott say: "Anything that will make trotting more interesting must help every one, breeder, owner and the tracks. Tedious scoring and long drawn out contests do not create enthusiasm. I would do away with the distance flag entirely, and make distancing a question of seconds, not of yards. For instance, when the winner of a heat passes the wire, every horse behind him must pass the wire within a stipulated number of seconds in order to be entitled to start in the next heat. This would make each horse go a full mile and not a mile less so many yards."

This proposition is somewhat on the principle of handicapping as practiced in harness racing in Europe. It might do to try as an experiment, but it is very doubtful whether it would become popular. A complaisant driver, who had a long lead, could good-naturedly "take back" to save the rest from getting shut out, as is done under the present distance conditions. The "dropping of heats" question has long been a burning one, with able advocates pro and con. Under certain circumstances we believe dropping a heat is justifiable. In battle the best generalship wins, and good generalship has won many a race that would have been lost by recklessness. After all, the dropping of-heats trouble returns to the only remedy for what evil is wrought by it: Let all bets be decided on the main event.

WINTER TREATMENT OF HORSES.

Our horses should be kept so they will not only be in good flesh, but in good physical condition, so they will be fit for service in the spring without any special preparation. The history of nations has shown that dry atmosphere is unfavorable to the spread of contagious diseases, while the moist or hot and damp atmosphere is most favorable. The animals of greatest activity dwell in dry and elevated regions, while sluggish animals abound in low, marsh districts. The damp stable favors the development of fungi. Decomposition of litter, dung and urine and waste of feed are all rich in nitrogenous matter which decays readily and defiles the atmosphere. The dark, damp stable favors all fungus growth, while light and dryness destroy it. The damp stable is also unfavorable to the healthy action of the skin and lungs. Therefore, the first requirement is a good feed barn or stable which should be located so as to have good drainage. The stable should be warm and comfortable, yet should have ventilation. The foul odor which arises from refuse matter, where there are poor drainage and ventilation, is one of the main causes of disease among horses. Even if it does not bring on the disease, the horse will be in a condition to take any contagious disease which may be in the neighborhood. In connection with the subject of ventilation, or keeping the atmosphere free from taint, the stable floor plays an important part. If the farmer will arrange his stalls and windows so the floor will receive the sunlight and fresh air while the horses are out, he will add to the neatness of his stable, rid it of foul odors and prolong the life and usefulness of his teams. On such floors, where the bedding and filth are removed every day, we do not find disgusting cases of thrush and grease. Where the horse runs at large the sunlight, fresh air, rains and rolling, disinfect the skin and remove the refuse of the system. When confined to the stable and at the service of man, the horse depends for these offices on the faithfulness of his groom. The horse is not properly groomed when the filth and sweat have been scraped off so the neighbor or passer-by cannot see it across the field. Still it is better for the horse for the groom to have this incentive than none at all. Let it be kept in mind that the skin needs to be regularly cleaned for health's sake. The share which the skin has in throwing off impurities is generally underestimated. The skin and lungs throw off impurities in the relation of eleven to seven. The blood cannot be kept pure unless the lungs, kidneys and skin are each in condition to remove the waste of the system. The farmer who is nervous and excitable and always in a rush, never has horses in good condition. The horse needs to be free from all excitement when eating. It needs to be at rest and contented. It does not matter so much what is fed so it is sweet feed and fed in sufficient quantity. The horse should have sufficient exercise at all times to keep him in a healthy and vigorous condition. If he does not get exercise any other way, he should be turned out in a lot every day.—*J. M. Stephenson in Prairie Farmer.*

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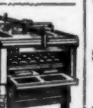

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Mr. E. S. Gifford is calling on subscribers in Aroostook county.
Mr. E. M. Marks is calling upon subscribers in Franklin county.
Mr. A. G. Fitz is calling on subscribers in Cumberland county.
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Mr. Elmer Hewitt is calling on subscribers in Hancock county.

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The Spanish war was short but it is insuring pension claims which will remain long enough to keep the war in remembrance. More than five thousand claims, growing out of the battle of San Juan, have already been filed.

Senator Hale, the senior senator from Maine, did not represent the sentiment of the state in his strong anti war position one year ago, and he will hardly arouse enthusiasm by his pronounced resolution of sympathy for the Boers, introduced in Congress Friday.

The wonderful development of the fruit trade of California is well illustrated by the orange crop, which this year will be between 14,000 and 15,000 car loads or practically 4,500,000 boxes, against 9,000 car loads last year. The price of the crop to the growers is set at $4,600,000.

Massachusetts agriculturists honor themselves and the board, by the appointment of ex-Secretary Hon. W. R. Sessions as first Vice President in place of Hon. James Grinnell, resigned. His wide experience and ripe judgment will thus be secured for the advance of the agricultural interests by the organized body of the state.

If government is for the people then the people must have access to the law-makers. If the legislators of a state are an exclusive body, and the public has no rights, then let the doors of the State House be closed. Massachusetts legislators are citizens of the state and so are those they would exclude from the capital on Beacon Hill.

Without detracting from the remainder, the best portion of the annual meeting of the Board of Agriculture was that devoted to fifteen minute addresses by members from different counties. The practical lessons of the day will be found set forth in a straightforward, convincing manner. Each one grasped the thought of greatest importance to his locality.

The man who follows the suggestion so clearly urged by Mr. R. H. Libbey, Newport, at the Pomological meeting at New Gloucester, never to ship immature fruit, and to sell only the best, giving full measure, will never want for a customer. Buyers are prompt to recognize these qualities in the crop of any grower and they will go far towards solving the question of demand and price.

Maine has no little interest in the struggle being made by the friends of agriculture in Massachusetts, to control the Gypsy Moth, for if the pest is not subdued it will soon extend its ravages over other New England states. Already the attack on the commission has commenced in the legislature and a long fight to save the appropriation is before the friends of the farms and forests.

With an attendance crowding the large Town Hall at New Gloucester at each session, the second winter meeting of the State Pomological Society last week was a pronounced success. Under the progressive management of the present board of officers, the people of Maine are becoming awakened to the importance of greater activity in fruit growing. The very able address by Prof. Kirkland will be found interesting reading by all and full of valuable suggestions. So also of the shorter addresses. Every one merits attention.

Representative Littlefield is rapidly making a place for himself among the leaders, and that too by bringing forward strong arguments for constitutional methods of procedure. The reputation of the second district is to be well sustained in the present Congress. Mr. Littlefield's position in the Roberts' case is, that being legally elected he must be admitted, and the fact being established he is practicing polygamy, promptly expelled from the House. The majority of the committee favor declaring Roberts not entitled to the seat. Mr. Littlefield presents a strong case.

The *Connecticut Farmer* pays the agricultural editor of the *Farmer* the following well merited compliment: "The address of Hon. Z. A. Gilbert of the Pine Tree State, before the State Dairy Convention, as seen in another column, is not only a comprehensive digest of the subject, but very practical, and never were our milk producers more thoroughly instructed, in the rational and business methods, than on this occasion. In fact, he discussed the matter from long experience as a farmer, and so clearly from a financial point of view, that it left no opportunity for the critic.

The sheep raisers appear to be terribly stirred up over the reciprocity treaty with the Argentine Republic, a country where they raise sheep. So great is their anger that they seem ripe for revolt. President McKinley is accused of betraying protection, and some very uncomplimentary adjectives are applied to him. The sheep raisers are a very intense body of men. They know what they want and their wants are never small. Furthermore, they must have all of them satisfied, or they will make Rome howl.—*Portland Daily Press.*

What reason can be given why the grower of the sheep should not be as well protected as the manufacturer of the wool? Maine, with every other state, has witnessed a great decline in the sheep growing industry simply for want of equal protection.

ANNUAL MEETING BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

In our last issue we gave the proceedings of the first session of the annual meeting of the Board last week. At the opening of the afternoon session the election of officers came first in order and Mr. J. M. Winslow of Nobleboro, was unanimously elected president, Mr. E. F. Allen of Columbia Falls, vice president, and Mr. F. H. Rollins of Chesterville, member of the executive committee. Sec. McKeen's report reviews the crop reports of the year and presents the National outlook for foreign shipments as given by Sec. Wilson. He also quotes from the report of the state assessors the live stock returns of the year. The following points will be of greatest importance.

Dairy Interests.

We have continued to treat dairy subjects at nearly all of the institutes, and it is a matter for encouragement that the interest of our people is continuing unabated in the work. There is a constant demand on their part for literature and lectures along these lines, which with cattle feeding included, forms really the basis of our cattle husbandry to-day. I trust this interest may continue till all our dairymen come to fully realize the merits of the business, and fully stock their farms with cows of good producing capacity and prepare themselves fully for the work by becoming informed along lines of advanced thought.

Seed and Feed Inspection.

The law in relation to the inspection of concentrated commercial feeding stuffs has been carefully handled by the direction of the experiment station. I have recently received notice from him that 38 dealers were selling the goods without proper tags attached and that 17 dealers were selling gluten meal, linseed meal and Cleveland flax meal that was substantially less in protein than the certified percentage. We have notified all of these parties sending letters by registered mail. We have received 18 replies from those who were reported as selling the goods without tags, all of which were very courteous, and in my judgment fully explained the violation. Two parties have called at the office and made satisfactory statements. Eighteen have so far failed to respond, and all that have not done so at the close of the 30 days required by law, will be again notified that they will be prosecuted at once unless they show that they are fully complying with the law. The letters to those who were selling goods below the certified percentage of protein have not been out long enough to warrant replies.

Institutes.

I wish to acknowledge the very efficient work which the members have put into planning and working out their institutes. By their earnest coöperation and the interest of the speakers we have been enabled to hold more than the usual number the past year. These meetings have been fully attended and I believe that I am warranted in saying that more interest has been shown than ever before.

Quite a few have been held in places that never had an institute before, it being the object to extend the work as far as possible. The time reported covers the board year, from the third Wednesday in January, 1899, to the third Wednesday in January, 1900. These institutes will be entirely paid for from the appropriation for 1899, and there will be a small balance in the hands of the state treasurer left for the work of 1900.

SPECIAL OFFER.

The remarkable increase in our subscription list during the past few months is very gratifying, and though we have now reached the *12,000* mark, it is our desire to swell the list to 20,000 before spring.

With the subscription price at only $1.00 a year, the *Maine Farmer* is giving more live reading matter than any other paper, but that we may serve our subscribers in every way possible, this *GREAT OFFER* is made, to remain open for a brief period.

FOR $1.50 we will send the *Maine Farmer* one year, the *Woman's Home Companion*, an elegant monthly, one year, and the Life of Dewey, profusely illustrated, a volume of 350 pages; or,

FOR $1.50 we will send the *Maine Farmer* one year, *The Housekeeper*, one of the best home monthlies, one year, and the Buckeye Cook Book, 535 pages.

Here are the greatest offers ever made, and they will merit immediate acceptance. Send in your orders and secure these grand premiums while swelling the influence of the agricultural and home paper of Maine.

DON'T DELAY.

Agricultural Societies.

The various agricultural societies of the state have had more than the average success. There appeared to be a revival of interest in many quarters, and although some of those societies which had held fairs for many years failed to do so last year, I feel that I am justified in saying that the work done was of a superior order and that these societies should be encouraged as much as possible.

The following figures show the business of these societies:

Number of horses and colts exhibited	1522
Number of cattle exhibited	6531
Number of sheep exhibited	1638
Number of swine exhibited	610
Number of poultry coops exhibited	1580
Amount of premiums paid	$18,829 33
Amount of trotting stakes	21,827 44
Amount of entry fees for trotting purses	8,346 19
Actual cost of trotting purses	13,481 25
Per cent. of premiums and gratuities to total awards	46
Per cent. of entry fees	38
Per cent. of stipend to societies not otherwise provided by law	37 61
Per cent. of increase in awards	9
Number of societies receiving stipend	44
Increase from 1898	1

Good Roads.

The legislature of 1897 broadened the work of the board by giving it authority to gather statistics and publish matter relating to the care and maintaining of highways. In the work as at present conducted it seems impossible to make such advances in the direction of improved highways as are very much to be desired. It has not been found practicable to incorporate the work into the institutes to any great extent and while we have endeavored to keep the work in hand we have not accomplished as much as it is hoped we may the coming season, and we ask the members to take the matter under advisement at this session, to ascertain if some plan cannot be formulated whereby more may be done to benefit the highways of the state.

In closing he said, "I believe that our farmers as a rule are prudent, that they do not spend money till they have it and that necessities of life are always provided for first. Believing these things and noting the improved conditions so manifest in many places, I can but feel sure that they are being favored with a good measure of prosperity."

Five minute talks by the members brought out the fact that there is an increasing interest in the institutes and demand that more be held.

An important step taken by the Board was that introduced by Mr. Roberts, the new member from Oxford County, to investigate the method of election of members and see if improvement cannot be made, the claim being that only a very small percent of the agriculturists in a county today participate in the election of their representative. The wisdom of this step cannot be questioned and definite action may be looked for. The move to hold several board meetings during the year in different places failed the law not allowing this.

Prof. Woods suggested that some action should be taken in regard to credentials. He said that at the meetings of the past few years there had been much the same trouble with credentials as there was at the present meeting. He thought that a committee should be appointed or some other means taken to look up the various agricultural societies of the State and see what ones are eligible to appoint delegates for the election of members of the board. He also suggested that the secretary of the board should send to the various secretaries of the societies where the election of a member of the board is about to take place a digest of the laws regarding the matter and a list of the societies eligible to vote.

Pres. Harris commended the work of the board and mentioned the rapidity of the changes in its makeup. He considered that as beneficial, as it brought all parts of the State into contact and as each new member had his own particular constituency which became interested in the work. He mentioned the change that could be noticed in the bearing of the college student as he developed during his course of thought and study and matured into manhood. He thought that much the same change could be seen in the farmers as they studied their business more earnestly and got broader view of their work. The discussions before the board, he thought, even when they were based on mistaken views, were of great benefit, as they set the farmers to thinking more of their work. During the past few years more head has been put into agriculture and more agriculture has been put into the head. The splendid results were plainly manifested.

The lecture Wednesday evening by Prof. J. S. Stevens of the University of Maine on "The Democracy of Education" was a strong plea for technical education and the work of the state University the summing up being as follows: "Although a liberal education is of great advantage to its possessor on account of a diversity of reasons, its chief advantage is its intrinsic worth. That is to say: an education is in itself a source of happiness, altogether apart from the material and tangible benefits it yields. To those who believe that one's sole object in life is to gain contentment, and who take for their motto "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" this argument will make no appeal, for education does not bring contentment. If, however, one is considering his future happiness, which all will agree, I think, is a legitimate end, then nothing is more conducive to his success than an education. If one has no taste for music or art, he is contented, but the slightest taste acquired for these subjects, renders him discontented, until he has gone on and on mastering the secrets of their power. And this is happiness. There are, therefore, reasons, and the best of reasons, for cultivating branches of learning in connection with which we do not see the immediate prospect of earning a dollar, or of managing men. And until the time shall come when men shall be entirely devoid of ambition for culture for its own sake, when studies shall be weighed and estimated entirely according to their commercial value, we shall have at the University of Maine, and in every institution which claims to furnish a liberal education, side by side with courses in engineering, agriculture, and law, the equally important courses in Greek, Latin, history and psychology.

Better by far than any formal lecture were the fifteen minute sharp, clear, concise talks by members from different counties, presenting the situation as they saw it from their practical field of observation. The fitting tribute to Hon. B. F. Briggs by his successor on the board, Mr. James L. Lowell, will be found on our grange page. It is able, concise and well expressed.

"Potatoes and Wheat in Aroostook County," was the subject presented by Mr. Jonathan Benn of Hodgdon.

The fame of the Aroostook potatoes has become world-wide—and this is due to their superiority—for their dry, ripe, mealy nature and that fresh pleasant flavor not possessed by those grown in any other part of the country. As a land adapted to the raising of potatoes, Aroostook is without a rival. Many people have an idea that Aroostook is still almost a wilderness with here and there patches of new land potatoes. This is all a mistake. The best farms of Aroostook are old cultivated land and not many potatoes are grown on new land, so called. The old soil with the use of fertilizers gives better results than new burnt land.

The question is often asked, "Why do Aroostook farmers plant so much land to potatoes and so little to other crops, why not engage in a more diversified farming?" Potatoes are most easily grown, are the surest and most profitable crop.

What is to be the future of potato growing in Aroostook? New methods of planting and cultivation have made it possible for one or two men and a team to care for immense fields of potatoes during the growing season, and the cost of production has constantly diminished. The market for these potatoes has widened every year and the name of Aroostook potatoes has made for them a steady market. They doubtless will in the future as in the past be the staple crop of this vast county.

Yet the Aroostook farmer is not wholly wedded to the potato. Many years ago wheat was the staple crop of Aroostook. The cheapness of western flour, the crudeness of the old-fashioned grist mill caused the farmer to neglect the wheat. Those who have grown this crop in Aroostook during the last three or four years have been happily surprised by the absence of insect enemies, its ripe plump heads, the large quantity grown on the acre and the excellent quality of the flour produced when properly ground.

There is no good reason why Aroostook cannot become as famous for her wheat as she has for potatoes. The wheat grown there has no superior, and it can be grown, ground and sold as cheap as any that can be imported. Unless the pulp mill shall deprive Aroostook of her forests, and thereby change her climate, this "Garden of Maine," will continue to lead the world in her wonderful crops of the "Irish potato" and the "finest of the wheat."

Mr. F. H. Rollins of Chesterville discussed "Orcharding." Four years ago, he said, the apple crop in the State of Maine amounted to 1,500,000 barrels. The yield was so large that the fruit was not sold at a profit which the farmers should have received, but for all that it brought in a handsome return and netted a large sum to the agricultural credit of the state.

The market teaches its own lesson and there is one thing which apple raisers should endeavor to do. That is to eliminate the second quality fruits. Maine should market nothing but firsts. Second quality fruit should go to the evaporators and canners.

There is no reason why the Maine crop should not equal or exceed that of 1895, provided that the orchards are managed with care and intelligence. The export factor cuts so large a figure in our market that we must give it more and more attention. Just at the present time the most important reform needed is cold storage in transit. We want something which will land our fruit in Liverpool, Glasgow, or London, in as good condition as it leaves the shippers in Portland or Boston. Fruit suffers badly on the water and when our Maine apples arrive on the other side they are hardly to be recognized as the same class of goods which left our shores. With proper cold-storage appliances on the freighters this might be overcome and the profit to Maine orchardists would be no small item.

Looking ahead we may say that there is prospect of a fair crop this year in the localities where the tent and forest caterpillars have been in subjection and proper fertilization given to the soil. Where this has been neglected and the trees have been defoliated there will be no crop the coming year. It has been an object lesson and one which the wise orchardist should heed.

"Fair Management," by Mr. A. N. Douglass of Chelsea:

Our discussion has to do with a purely agricultural fair and not one which makes horse-racing the principal attraction. There are other lines where the same expenditure of time and money would bring better results than the racing. Financial success should not be the only object in running a fair. It is not enough to simply reflect the product of the farms in its jurisdiction, but by liberal premiums stimulate the growing of better animals and crops. Offer premiums for the boys and girls to compete for, and in doing this a fair will build up a fine class of exhibitors for the future.

Premiums should be paid promptly. Exhibitors feel that they have earned their awards and want their money. Be vigilant in driving off the sharpers and gamblers. When all people learn that it is impossible to beat one of these men at his own game, these smooth individuals will have no more business at a county fair than they would at a meeting of commercial travelers. The management must be careful to treat all people fairly and without the slightest deception. I would have all exhibits, when possible, judged without a distinguishing mark, and by judges from without the jurisdiction of the fair.

Secretaries should be good to the newspaper men and show them every courtesy. They have the power to write your fair up or down, but they are human and appreciate courtesies. There is nothing at our fair too good for the newspaper men and their good will is worth more to a fair than a surplus in the bank.

As to advertising I would use the large lithographed posters placed in conspicuous places to announce the date and trust to the newspapers for the details of the programme, etc.

Above all keep on the alert for new and good ideas.

On "Butter Production," E. E. Light of Union:

Among all the agricultural products of Maine, butter seems to be as high-priced, condensed and concentrated a product as we can make, and we have a right to look for as large returns as from any other.

Recently, I hauled to the station with a 900 lb. horse $255 worth of butter. At the same time I was moving hay to the same station for shipment, and it required 40 horses to truck the same value in hay; or, it cost $1.25 to truck the butter and $27.50 to truck the hay. The freight bill was $1.10 for one and $20 for the hay. Pressing the hay for shipment cost $44, while making the butter ready for shipment and sale cost two cents per pound, or $18. Chemists inform us that at present prices $129 worth of fertility were taken from the soil by the hay; 4 cents for the butter.

Can there be any doubt which to advocate for the farmers of Maine? Think what that hay would have meant converted into butter. At the rate of 30 lbs. per day that hay would have lasted a cow four years, or seven cows 200 days—from Nov. 1 to May 20.

Allowing skim milk and manure to compensate for tending the cows, we have the difference of a farm or a community—on the one hand fertile, productive, improving; the other producing less each year in quantity, poorer in quality, decreasing in value.

Butter production affords great opportunities to reward skill in breeding and feeding—and conditions were never more hopeful than today. Stock husbandry is a fundamental necessity to Maine's agricultural prosperity, and all branches have improved prospects today. The cow must lead in importance, and to make her most profitable she must be a butter producer. Butter producing is adapted to localities remote from markets, while milk selling is a business requiring a near-by market. Beef-raising or milk-selling leaves no by-products at the farm for further uses. Butter-producing takes the least from a farm and gives the most in return. It is the department that will bring prosperity of a lasting nature to the state of Maine.

"Increasing Our Farm Resources," John M. Winslow, Nobleboro:

The foundation of all farm operations is in plant food. Begin at the beginning by saving. We cannot manufacture plant food. It is our place to gather and apply to our soil (which we are constantly robbing) as much, yes, more than has been taken out by the crop, in order to increase our resources, by increasing the production of our soil. What then? We find that we have increased our plant growth—we have more corn, more hay, better filled bins, and following this, more stock. Get another cow. Increase your income. Then get another and another, till you reach the limit of farm fertility.

We should have the best of farm implements. Never buy what you can raise yourself. Raise your own cows, sheep and pigs. When you sell, sell mature animals. If you do this, you will be compelled to raise more fodder, and this will increase your resources. Enlarge on your small stock of poultry. The dressing from a flock of 200 hens will grow half an acre of corn, and this will go far toward keeping another cow. As one cow will make two cows to your herd there is profit in another pig.

A word to the young farmers: Take the experience of your fathers and profit by it. Don't be content with simply "a good living." We want to grow and flourish. We have greatly increased advantages. The schools are better and the daily and weekly papers are more generally circulated than they were in my youth.

It costs more to live than it did 20 or 40 years ago. How may we meet the increase? By increasing the resources of our farm. Everything goes to show gradual growth and general prosperity on the farms of the state. So let us take courage, study our business—for we have a business—we used to be nothing but farmers. It used to be a case of "root, hog, or die," but now we have learned to depend on the farm for our income, to meet our bills and have a little left if possible. I can pick ten or a dozen farmers in my little town who have a little book entitled "Augusta Savings Bank, which they keep to study when they feel the blues coming on.

"Milk Production" by Mr. W. H. Snow of Milo.

I am working a mixed herd of ten—Durham, Holstein and Jerseys. There are three of the latter, practically full-blooded, but after all I like my Durhams best. From my mixed herd I get what the succesful milkman must have—good quality. I began a year ago last August and have been working out the milk business on my own lines. I feed my stock well, milk them and get the most I can out of the milk.

I started in a hard place, in Milo village. Three others had tried it and given it up when I started in. I had doubts myself whether I could make it go, but I determined to give it a trial. The result has been extremely pleasing. I am now selling from 1,700 to 1,800 quarts of milk per month and I have never heard a word of fault found with my milk. Many of the people in my little village are employed in the spool mill and I find that people who are under cover a great part of the time are more particular about the quality of their milk than people like myself who are out-door all the time and much with cattle.

If there is one thing more than another which makes milk producing a profitable business, it is cleanliness. I never allow a pail of milk to stand in the barn a moment—not even while another cow is being milked. As soon as a cow is milked I see that it is carried direct to the milk room and strained, I cool it as I cool my cream. Being obliged to use night and morning milk together, I see that the two are thoroughly mixed and then put into the glass jars. I keep two of these jars for each customer and take especial pains to see that they are scalded out and clean before putting in the milk. It is giving milk of good quality and keeping everything neat as wax that makes milk production profitable.

"Agriculture in Washington County," Mr. E. F. Allen of Columbia Falls.

The leading industry of the county is not the cultivation of the soil. The old question of "Will Farming Pay?" is still answered in the negative by men who do a little farming and very little beside. The man who keeps one ordinary cow, a few hens and a worse than ordinary horse, raises nearly enough potatoes and vegetables for his own family and weeds enough for the neighborhood; spends nearly all his time at the corner grocery store, talking of trusts and monopolies, of which he knows but little, and hard times, of which he is liable to know something, such men will say that farming doesn't pay.

The man with the hoe is still to be found in the county, and although the farm is neglected and abandoned by many there are yet those who have faith and are showing same by good works.

Within a few days I have talked with men from different parts of the county on the subject and the following is a statement of what has been done on some farms the past year:

A. has business that keeps him busy all the year—hires one man during the year—three others 15 days in haying—has one barn 40x75 feet—three 36x40—keeps three horses, 18 cows, 29 young cattle. Last year's crop in part: 125 tons hay, 700 bushels oats, 40 bushels barley, 20 bushels buckwheat, 15 bushels beans, 100 bushels apples, 300 bushels potatoes. For one thing he sold 18 calves at an average price of $10.

B., a widow with two sons, 17 and 19 years old, who go to school in winter—hires no help except in haying—keeps 10 cows, 23 young cattle, 39 sheep, 5 horses, and 5 swine. Raised last year 500 bush. oats, 60 bush. barley, 450 bush. potatoes, 50 bush. turnips, 50 bush. apples, 75 tons hay—sells butter—also raises working horses and pigs for sale. Adds to her bank account $200 each year.

It may be said that these people own their farms, and owning them easily make them pay. But here is another:

C. bought an old farm giving his note for the whole amount. Has six sons, who have all been fairly educated. One is now in college in Michigan, two in the western part of this State, one at work at the Turner Center Creamery and one settled near his home. He has now four cows, three young cattle, four horses, poultry and swine. Sells butter and early vegetables. Owns his farm and it is worth $1,500.

This is no fiction and he is only one of many men in Washington county who, unaided have made good homes, supported their families and educated their children. Their bank account may not be very large but quite a few have something saved for a rainy day.

Prof. Elijah Cook, speaking in Washington county last summer said: "The best crop a farmer can raise is a good crop of good boys and girls. Washington county boys meet with success everywhere.

The county crops come in this order: Hay, potatoes, barley and oats, turnips, cabbage, peas, beans and corn—and they all flourish. Apples are becoming a successful crop. This is saying nothing of the blueberry pick which in 1898 amounted to $28,800, with wages added makes close to $50,000 for the total.

Care and diligence will make agriculture profitable in Washington county.

"Our Best Crops," Mr. Joseph Ellis of Brooks.

Our three best crops in Waldo County are hay, corn and peas and oats. The hay crop is the foundation of all farming and no one can succeed without a good hay crop. Hay is the basis of manure and on that the farm rests. It is our best crop because it sells readily and is the easiest to get money from. But better than selling it is to feed to stock and get it back in growth on milk as well as dressing for the farm.

Corn is the next best paying crop. The farmer can get more money out of it, more forage and feed than from any other crop except hay. It is a crop that does not exhaust the soil and after you have raised a crop of corn the land is really in better shape than it was before, more especially true in the case of grass. It is the best previous crop when you are preparing to lay a piece down to grass. There if always a market for corn at your door, and at remunerative rates.

The third crop is peas and oats sown together. It is better than all others to precede a grass crop. You can get a better crop of peas and oats off poor land than you can anything else. Beyond that, it comes nearer being a balanced feed for dairy and growing stock than any other you can name. Bear in mind that you must put something back into the land you have. The intelligent farmer will know what is best and grow all he can.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., are now said to be the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. They recently received the highest award on all of their manufactures entered at the recent Export Exposition in Philadelphia. They have carried off the honors at all the great international and local expositions held during the last fifty years. Their name and trade-mark on a package of cocoa or chocolate are a sufficient guarantee of its purity and high quality.

City News.

—The many friends of Dr. Burt Andrews are glad to welcome him home, looking so hale and hearty, after his long illness.

—Dr. W. Scott Hill has purchased the fine residence on State street which he has occupied for many years. It will be made one of the most attractive places in the city.

—The *Kennebec Journal* force has full cause for rejoicing and they showed it Saturday evening when they took possession of the new and attractive building so nearly completed and sang and danced to their heart's content. Within another month the building will be occupied by the *Journal* force. It is an ornament to the city.

—The sympathy of our people will go out to the Rev. Chas. W. Doherty of St. Mary's church who on Monday was called to follow a beloved sister, Miss Annie Doherty, to her last resting place in Calvary cemetery, Portland. Miss Doherty died on Friday after a sickness of several years. She was beloved by all who knew her.

—The *Farmer* bespeaks a full attendance at City Hall when the Augusta chorus presents the "Rose Maiden," Febuary 6th. It will be the musical treat of the season with Madame Evta Kileski of Boston, soprano, Judge Warren C. Philbrook of Waterville, tenor, Mr. Llewellyn B. Cain, baritone and conductor, besides artists from our own city.

—The annual Board of Trade banquet was held Monday night, at the Cony House. President C. S. Hichborn, who has so ably and energetically filled the office for four years, declined a reëlection, and Mr. C. B. Burleigh was chosen. The other officers are: Vice-presidents, W. H. Davis and F. L. Hersey; treasurer, C. R. Whitten; secretary, F. J. C. Little; board of managers, F. G. Kinsman, C. R. Hall, J. F. Pierce, Nathan Weston and E. C. Dudley. The speeches were good, the banquet a success, everybody was happy and Augusta is to have a good boom the coming year through the influence of a well-organized Board of Trade.

County News.

—Mrs. Sarah Clason, mother of Hon. O. B. Clason, died at her home in Gardiner Friday morning, aged 77 years.

—Litchfield and the county loses one of its most valuable citizens by the death of Dr. Enoch Adams, which occurred at his home, on Monday, at the age of 69.

—A new woolen mill for Waterville means further activity in all business interests. It will be located at the foot of Temple street and give employment to 125 hands.

—Ice men on the Kennebec are happy and busy, big crews being actively at work all along the river. The ice has left the Hudson and another full freeze there is hardly to be expected.

—Hiram Maxim, the Wayne inventor of the famous Maxim gun, has sold his invention in nearly every civilized nation in the world; in the present war in the Transvaal between the British and Boers, both sides are well supplied with these engines, of warfare; the slow going native of South Africa has found them capable of doing terrible execution, more so than any gun of like character.

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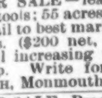
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City News.

—The many friends of Dr. Burt Andrews are glad to welcome him home, looking so hale and hearty, after his long illness.

—Dr. W. Scott Hill has purchased the fine residence on State street which he has occupied for many years. It will be made one of the most attractive places in the city.

—The *Kennebec Journal* force has full cause for rejoicing and they showed it Saturday evening when they took possession of the new and attractive building so nearly completed and sang and danced to their heart's content. Within another month the building will be occupied by the *Journal* force. It is an ornament to the city.

—The sympathy of our people will go out to the Rev. Chas. W. Doherty of St. Mary's church who on Monday was called to follow a beloved sister, Miss Annie Doherty, to her last resting place in Calvary cemetery, Portland. Miss Doherty died on Friday after a sickness of several years. She was beloved by all who knew her.

—The *Farmer* bespeaks a full attendance at City Hall when the Augusta chorus presents the "Rose Maiden," Febuary 6th. It will be the musical treat of the season with Madame Evta Kileski of Boston, soprano, Judge Warren C. Philbrook of Waterville, tenor, Mr. Llewellyn B. Cain, baritone and conductor, besides artists from our own city.

—The annual Board of Trade banquet was held Monday night, at the Cony House. President C. S. Hichborn, who has so ably and energetically filled the office for four years, declined a reëlection, and Mr. C. B. Burleigh was chosen. The other officers are: Vice-presidents, W. H. Davis and F. L. Hersey; treasurer, C. R. Whitten; secretary, F. J. C. Little; board of managers, F. G. Kinsman, C. R. Hall, J. F. Pierce, Nathan Weston and E. C. Dudley. The speeches were good, the banquet a success, everybody was happy and Augusta is to have a good boom the coming year through the influence of a well-organized Board of Trade.

County News.

—Mrs. Sarah Clason, mother of Hon. O. B. Clason, died at her home in Gardiner Friday morning, aged 77 years.

—Litchfield and the county loses one of its most valuable citizens by the death of Dr. Enoch Adams, which occurred at his home, on Monday, at the age of 69.

—A new woolen mill for Waterville means further activity in all business interests. It will be located at the foot of Temple street and give employment to 125 hands.

—Ice men on the Kennebec are happy and busy, big crews being actively at work all along the river. The ice has left the Hudson and another full freeze here is hardly to be expected.

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The House of Representatives has just received some official information from the commissioner of internal revenue about the pipe and tipple of the State of Maine: "The result is that the special tax payers in Maine for the past fiscal year number two thousand three hundred and seventy-eight. In the first place, there is one rectifier of spirits in the State of Maine who pays for a license to the government. Then there are one thousand, one hundred and twenty-five retail liquor dealers and thirteen wholesale liquor dealers. There are eleven dealers in manufactured tobacco, who pay a license, and seventy-four manufacturers of cigars who pay a license to the government. It may sound kind of strange, but there are seven licenses for brewers issued to people in the State of Maine, and one hundred and eighty-nine licenses for retail dealers in malt liquors. In addition, there are twenty-four licenses issued to wholesale dealers in malt liquors, and thirteen licenses issued to manufacturers of oleomargarine."

HARMONY. Just snow enough for business, and every one is improving it. There is quite an amount of pulp wood being hauled to the cars some four miles above Hartland, besides cord wood and lumber, most every farmer having more or less to haul, while many are getting out shovel handles.—J. Collins and son have about 160 cords of poplar yarded, ready to haul, and are getting out some lumber to be sawed at their own mill.—Most of the farmers have put in ice, and those who have not are planning to in the near future, as they find it very essential, especially if they want to sell cream in summer.—Most of our people have been busy, lately, attending installations, grange meetings, &c., among them being Pomona grange at Skowhegan, installation of grange officers at Wellington, and the entertainment given by the Odd Fellows at Athens, all of which were well attended by our citizens.—Severe colds have been prevalent, but few cases of serious illness have been reported.—High school, which began last Monday, kept but two days, as the teacher was sick and went home, but will open again as soon as another teacher can be found.—E. A. Pattee, who has taught in Wellington and Cambridge this winter, begun a high school at Brighton, last week. Mr. Pattee is one of our best teachers, and a thorough disciplinarian.—Mrs. Nancy Chadbourn, who has been very sick, is improving, as is also Mr. Frank Cooley, who recently fell and broke two ribs. Mrs. S. H. Whitehouse is quite poorly.—Mrs. F. K. Hurd goes, this week, for a visit to her daughters in Hallowell.—There was a social dance at grange hall, Wednesday evening, which was a very pleasant affair. Kendall's orchestra of Skowhegan furnished the music.

General News.

John Ruskin the famous author and critic died on Saturday in London at the age of 81.

Barnum and Bailey's winter quarters at Bridgeport Conn. were burned out Saturday, the loss falling not on animals but cars and trappings, loss $250,000.

Martin Bergen of North Brookfield, Mass., one of the best known baseball players in the country, and one of the Boston club's catchers last season, killed his wife and two children with an axe and then cut his own throat with a razor at his home Friday morning.

The steamer Danube, at Victoria from Skagway, brings news that a large part of the business portion of Dawson was wiped out by fire on the night of Wednesday last. A dispatch was received at Skagway on the same night. The loss will exceed half a million dollars. There are no names of the buildings or losers. The Skagway operator says that great suffering would undoubtedly follow the fire as the temperature at Dawson was 40 degrees below zero with the wind blowing. The city is without the regulation water supply.

Though 27 deaths have occurred from bubonic plague, at Honolulu, no white person has been attacked by the disease. The Hawaiian Government is feeding 2500 people in barracks and detention hospitals, many of whom are absolutely destitute. It has before it the difficult problem of providing for at least 1500 people, mainly native Hawaiians and Japanese, whose houses have been burned and goods cremated. Trade is at a standstill. Every effort is being made to prevent the plague from spreading to the big sugar plantations.

There is a terrible famine in India. The Viceroy, said the famine area had expanded, surpassing the worst fears, and they were now facing a cattle, water and food scarcity of a terrible character. Abont 3,250,000 persons, he continued, are already receiving relief. While in 1897 the world shared India's sorrow and contributed hundreds of thousands of pounds towards the relief fund, the viceroy pointed out India now would have to struggle alone, for the thoughts of every Englishman in the world were centered on South Africa. It would be the duty of the government to pursue the task of saving millions of lives and it would spend its last rupee if necessary to do so.

As illustrating the poverty of certain sections of a great city, Dr. Annie S. Miller, out-door visiting physician of the New York Infirmary for women and children made the following statement at the annual meeting of the New York Diet Kitchen Association:—"You might not believe it, but I recently ran across a case where a woman could not spare the labor of a child of three years old. Some children at that age are actually useful in fixing trimmings on women's dresses." Dr. Miller added that in her rounds through the sweat shop district she had frequently found women who work twenty hours a day for three or four weeks until nature asserts itself and they fall in their hovels probably never to rise again.

The first untoward happening in the highly successful campaign now going on in Luzon is announced from Gen. Otis: "Manila, Jan. 20,—Pack train 20 ponies, transporting rations between Santo Tomas and San Parlo, Laguna province, escorted by 50 men under Lieut. Ralson, 13th infantry, ambushed yesterday, to men killed, five wounded, nine missing, pack train lost. "Lieutenant and 34 men returned to Santo Tomas with killed and wounded. Affair being investigated. "Dorst, 45th infantry, struck insurgents in Batangas mountains, prepared in ambush to meet him; he killed eight, wounded three, captured 17, one Spaniard, six rifles. His casualties two men slightly wounded. (Signed) "Otis."

The beauties of combination are seen in the following notice sent out by the consolidated Pullman and Wagner palace car companies. Notice is hereby given that in taking over the property and business of the Wagner Palace Car Company it is not possible to continue in the service all of its employes and each employe is therefore hereby notified that unless arrangements shall have been made with him individually prior to Jan. 20 for employment his services will not be required after Jan. 31st. The employes referred to include conductors, brakemen, cooks, porters, wheelwrights, car cleaners and others." Consolidation reduces the number of employes necessary, but what is to become of the poor fellows thus crowded out?

For days a state of uncertainty has hung over England no definite tidings being received from the forces in Africa. After great obstacles had been overcome the English forces, in their efforts to relieve Gen. White at Ladysmith, met the Boers and a hard struggle ensued. The *Daily Mail* publishes the following from Spearman's Camp, under date of Sunday night: "There has been hot fighting all day. At dawn our attack was resumed all along the entire line, all the brigades taking part. We soon discovered that the Boers still occupied the range of hills in force, their position being very strong. The range is intersected by steep ravines and many approaches very difficult of access. "Today the Boers, who were driven from their trenches yesterday, took cover in dongas and behind the rocks with which the hills are strewn. The forces therefore, commenced the task of driving them out, and set to work with good heart in the early morning. Much firing took place, and our progress was slow, but gradually British pluck told its tale, and the enemy fell back to another kopje. We swarmed on and occupied it, and then the attack recommenced with utmost gallantry. "The country simply abounds in hills favorable to guerilla warfare, and our task is an arduous one. Nevertheless, it is being gradually accomplished. Whenever any of the enemy were observed taking up a fresh position our field batteries poured in showers of shrapnel, and the rapid movement of the guns, followed by accurate shooting, must have greatly distressed them. "The enemy were on the defensive almost the entire day, save once, when they attempted to outflank our left and were signally checkmated. They relied almost entirely on rifle fire. A few shells were fired from a heavy piece of ordnance, but these fell harmless. "We now occupy the lower crest on the left and are converging slowly, but surely, to the Boer centre. The Boer loss is unknown, but must have been heavy. Their killed and wounded are carried away to the rear rapidly. Strong rumors are in circulation that the Boers are retiring. The battle will be resumed tomorrow."

The latest from the war in Africa is that the English forces are being held in check, unable to reach Ladysmith, and fears are entertained that they will be repulsed.

THE REAL THING

Is a slang expression, meaning "up to the limit," another slang phrase whose meaning is much the same as "the real thing."

This definition may not be precisely luminous.

Do you want to know more on the subject? If so consult the book on Slang, now in preparation by a Columbian professor, or better still use Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee and you will know at once the meaning of "the real thing."

The real thing in coffee is the kind that produces a deep port wine color before cream and a rich golden after cream — only real coffee will do this.

Chase & Sanborn's high grade coffees which are delivered to you in richly colored parchment lined bags are the best that money can buy.

The manner in which they are roasted and made ready for the consumer is nothing short of scientific.

Any one who once uses Chase & Sanborn's Coffees can never after be persuaded to buy anything but "the real thing."

Chase & Sanborn's Coffees.

WINTER MEETING STATE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the great value of the honey bee as an agent in cross-fertilizing flowers. Probably no insect seeks nectar with more avidity or greater zeal and none is more useful to man. Bee-keeping does not receive the attention it deserves among our farmers and gardeners. A hive of bees is just as necessary on the general farm and will yield as good returns in proportion to the investment as a span of horses or a good milch cow. Herman Müller who, next to Darwin, has done as much as any single writer to familiarize us with the services of insects in fertilizing flowers has recorded that of 1,000 insect visitors to flowers there were bees, 413; flies, 305; beetles, 89; butterflies and moths, 69, the remainder being divided among the other orders of insects. The importance of bees in this work of cross-fertilization leads me to mention a modern danger to the apiary viz., the general use of arsenical sprays on fruit trees in bloom. Bees in gathering nectar from flowers freshly sprayed become poisoned and, worse yet, feed the poisoned honey to their young in the brood cells with fatal results. In many states, laws carrying severe penalties have been enacted to prevent the practice of spraying trees while in blossom. No one except the ignorant or malicious would spray a tree with poisonous insecticides at this time. Spraying is obviously done to prevent insect damage and I do not recall a single insect whose treatment demands spraying while the trees are in bloom. Where malice prompts such an action the enforcement of a law on the subject might have a salutary effect; otherwise, an educational campaign is all that is needed."

The adaptations of various flowers for securing cross-fertilization were discussed and described in detail. Particular attention was given to those of the Rosaceæ, Ericaceæ, Labiateæ, and Orchidaceæ. The various mechanisms of the flowers discussed were well illustrated by a large number of colored charts.

Turning from methods and details, some of the practical results of insect agencies in fertilizing flowers were next considered.

"These are best seen in places where a plant is transferred from its native environment to a new one. The early settlers of Australia finding the soil suitable for the cultivation of clover, soon sent for clover seed and grew a splendid crop, for one year only. Similar experiments elsewhere in that country gave results equally unsatisfactory and it was not until the bumblebee, the chief agent in fertilizing clover, was introduced that this crop was successfully cultivated.

In southern California there is an extensive area well fitted by climate and soil for the growth of figs. Many successful introductions of fig trees have been made, but in the past it has been impossible to obtain a crop of figs except by the laborious method of securing the cross-fertilization by hand labor. Even then the figs were inferior in size and quality. The peculiar flavor of the fig is due to the seeds it contains. The fewer the seeds the poorer the flavor. Experts sent abroad by the United States Department of Agriculture found that the Smyrna, the fig of commerce, was fertilized by pollen brought from the wild Capri fig by a small wasp-like insect which bred in the interior of the wild fruit, and emerging, covered with pollen, made its way into the cultivated fruit. The introduction of these living insects, while breeding, in wild figs, was a task surrounded by many difficulties, and to the credit of the agents of the Department it should be recorded that eventually all these difficulties were successfully overcome. Last summer, for the first time, there were grown in California Smyrna figs of the best quality, fertilized by the imported Asiatic insect. The far-reaching results of this undertaking are difficult to predict, but it is certain that by the successful introduction of this little insect, a new industry has been opened to the fruit growers of the far Southwest.

Such cases as these are more interesting because they are unique. Of equal importance are those which we may find in every orchard and garden. Without insect help, our fruit, berry, nut and many of our vegetable crops would be reduced to a minimum, and our finances, our comfort and our health suffer to a corresponding degree. I am not familiar with the data of the Maine census, but in the little state of Massachusetts we raise apples to the value of $765,883; pears, $159,416; strawberries, $404,007; cucumbers, $303,699; and cranberries, $1,038,712, a total of $2,671,717 worth of crops whose production is dependent almost entirely on insect aid.

But even the financial side of the question—which is a narrow one at best—leads at once to considerations whose importance cannot be measured in money. Good fruit crops on the cranberry bog, in the garden or in the orchard, mean good food and clothes in the farmer's house, increased comforts in the home, and better educational facilities for the farmer's children. Thus we are led to appreciate not only the interdependence between lower forms of life, but the important relations of these forms to our own existence and welfare. Such studies bring us into closer and more sympathetic associations with the whole living world. A plant or tree is no longer a semi-animate thing; it is a living being, endowed with needs that must be supplied and with capabilities for service. The buzzing insect is no longer an aimless, useless creature; it is a vitalized, intelligent being with conscious and unconscious missions. In caring for its own it becomes at once the servant of the plant and the servant of man.

Such are a few of the teachings of nature's school, A better knowledge of animal and plant life, of that life other than our own which is all around us, cannot but be broadening to our interests and sympathies. It will enable us to attain to a fuller and better and nobler standard of living. The pages of nature's book are always open, and in studying her teachings there is great reward."

Discussion.

The strawberry crop is largely dependent upon insects, which carry pollen from one blossom to another. A wet season is unfavorable, bees are less active. Fertilization to some extent is dependent upon the circulation of air. Bees work more upon the westerly and southerly sides of trees. There are twenty-five specimens of wild bees working industriously.

The matter of a wet or dry season is important with the apple grower. It was discovered that Bartlett's bore fruit better when standing in the vicinity of Clapp's Favorite. Plums do better with different varieties in the same orchard.

Mr. Kirkland spoke of the new poison used to some extent in Massachusetts. The ingredients for making it are cheap and the process easy. It is composed of eleven parts by weight of white sugar of lead and four parts of arsenate of soda. It can now be bought ready mixed. It costs a little more than Paris green but is more economical, only one spraying being necessary. It is not as dangerous to use as Paris green.

An informal discussion on plum culture brought out many valuable points. Mr. C. S. Phinney, Standish, who has been experimenting with Japanese varieties has now over 100. Of these he finds the Burbank the best. A cutting was shown carrying full quota of fruit buds indicating condition of the tree. He advised setting plum trees in among the rows of the apple orchard. The abundance comes next to the Burbank. In plum culture one fact to be remembered is the superior quality of the Maine grown fruit over that from California. This will always insure a sale. Mr. Phinney urged growers to mark all their fruit sold with their name and residence, thus increasing interest in home fruit. He had received $13.50 the past year for the plums from two trees. Cultivation is close to the heart of the whole problem. Good care, close attention and well selected varieties will insure the fruit.

The cost of cultivation is merely nominal. Whatever you find necessary to do in order to assist the apple trees, the plum comes in for its share of the benefit. And of course the labor saved is quite as important an item in its way as money itself. The Abundance plum is the best flavored. It is a most superior plum. The New England grown plum is of course superior to that of the West and few of the former are ahead of the Abundance. But be careful not to allow your plum trees to bear too heavily. If you do you can't help getting inferior fruit. See to it that your trees are properly cut down to the place they belong and you will get good fruit, and good fruit means good prices.

As regards location for trees, I think good corn land makes the best. The plum tree needs high land. They need to be protected from deep frosts and high land best gives that condition.

Mr. Libbey of Newport said that he had been for the past 25 years more or less of a plum grower. During this time he had experimented with many varieties. He had observed that when the trees had been mixed in variety—with regard to their arrangement in setting out—that better results were obtained in pollen fertilization. The trees should be set about 16 feet apart, every way. He gave it as his opinion that it is useless to spray black knot. It is a fungous growth and can be treated successfully only by free application of the knife. "I can't be too emphatic upon this point," said Mr. Libbey. "I never lose an opportunity to cut the things out. If I were going to church and saw black knot on a tree I should stop and apply the knife. And I should not throw the cut of fungus on the ground either. Burn them, my friend, burn them. That is the only way to get the upper hands of this great pest."

Mr. Charles S. Pope of Manchester did not consider the black knot problem as hopeless. Spray it liberally with Bordeaux mixture. That serves to hold the growth in check, forming a coating and retarding further development. But of course the best remedy is the knife.

Mr. Pope, in reply to Mr. Phinney, said that he did not want to throw cold water. But he advised his hearers not to get completely carried away by the Japs; cut back your trees one-half, two-thirds or even more if the case demands it. Red June all killed with me; had no luck with it at all. The Burbank and Abundance are the only really hardy varieties. The Blue Damson is superior to the Burbank in flavor. The Imperial Gage, the Rhine Cloud and the McLaughlin are all excellent plums. The Rhine Cloud in particular is valuable, as owing to its beautiful color and rare flavor it is persistently sought for by ladies in the city markets. Many won't have any other kind and will walk all over town to get it. All stone fruit trees should be grafted by either the cleft graft or the splice graft, in the early spring before the frost comes out.

EXHIBIT.

The fruit exhibit was fine and large for the time and year. The tables upon which the fruit, in its different forms, was placed, occupied two sides of the hall, and were much admired:

Mrs. F. D. Grover, Bean, collection of canned fruit, preserves, pickles and jelly, 25 jars.

Mrs. A. S. Richard, New Gloucester, syrup, jellies, canned fruit, &c., 9 jars; also apples.

Mrs. R. H. Libbey, Newport, preserves, canned fruit, jelly, pickles, &c., 25 jars.

Mrs. L. K. Litchfield, Winthrop, 25 jars preserves, pickles, canned fruit, &c.

Mrs. Frances Hoyt, Winthrop, pickles, preserves, jellies, canned fruit, &c., 11 jars.

Mrs. W. S. Marsh, Intervale, 7 jars syrup, preserves and canned fruit.

Mrs. A. S. Carsly, New Gloucester, corn, rhubarb, cranberries, squash, canned fruit, &c., 15 jars. These goods, all attractive in appearance, constituted an exhibit of interest and value.

D. P. True, Leeds, made a large exhibit of winter apples, pears and quince, 27 plates.

C. S. Phinney, Standish, 8 plates fine apples.

Lemuel Gurney, Hebron, 9 plates.

L. K. Litchfield, Winthrop, apples.

E. P. Churchill, Hallowell, apples.

Chas. S. Pope, Manchester, 10 plates apples.

AWARDS.

Apples.

D. P. True, Leeds Centre, 1st for best general exhibition of apples; 2d for Baldwins; 1st for Rhode Island Greenings, Jewett's Fine Red (Nodhead), Milding, Peck's Pleasant, Stark, Grimes Golden; 2d for Yellow Bellflower, Spitzenburgh and Tallman Sweet. Lemuel Gurney, Hebron, 1st for exhibit of best dish of Baldwins; 1st for Roxbury Russet and Spitzenburgh; 2d for Rhode Island Greening. C. S. Phinney, Standish, 2d for exhibit of Baldwins and Roxbury Russet and 2d for Ben Davis; 1st for Spys. C. S. Pope, Manchester, 1st for exhibit of Tompkins King, Mother, Fallawater and Tallman Sweet. T. M. Merrill, Sabbathday Lake, 1st for exhibit of Ben Davis. Mrs. H. L. Richards received 2d for exhibition of Fallawaters. Gratuities were given the following for displays upon which no prizes had been offered: Mrs. L. K. Litchfield, Winthrop; D. P. True, Leeds Center; C. S. Phinney, Standish; Lemuel Gurney and C. S. Pope.

Pears and Plants.

First prize ($2.00) to Mrs. A. C. Chandler for best display of pot plants. Gratuities were awarded to D. P. True for best exhibit of Buerre d'Anjou, Vicar, Lawrence pears and for exhibit of quinces. A gratuity of 50 cents was given Mrs. W. S. Marsh for best exhibit of Pineapple plant.

Preserves and Pickles.

For the best variety of canned fruits, preserves, pickles, etc., not less than 10 kinds, made and put up by exhibitor in 1899, the 1st prize, $5.00, was awarded to Mrs. L. K. Litchfield, Winthrop; 2d, $3.00, to Mrs. A. L. Richards, New Gloucester; 3d, $2.00, ty Mrs. F. D. Grover, Bean. Mrs. L. K. Litchfield received awards for other exhibits as follows: 2d for exhibits of canned blackberries, canned blueberries, canned cherries; 1st for canned pears and canned plums; 2d for canned raspberries; 1st for canned tomatoes and preserved cherries; 2d for preserved pears; 1st for preserved plums and raspberries; 1st for assorted jar of pickles and bottle of tomato catsup; best collection of apple jellies made from distinct varieties of apples (not crab) not less than 10 kinds, in natural colors, put up by exhibitor in 1899 ($3.00); first prize for best tumbler of apple (not crab) jelly made from single named variety, and in natural color, in 1899 ($1.00); first prize for best tumbler of crab jelly, currant jelly and grape jelly. Mrs. F. D. Grover was awarded first prize for best specimen canned blackberries, canned cherries, preserved currants, preserved pears, preserved strawberries and raspberry jelly. Mrs. A. S. Carsley, New Gloucester, 1st prize for best exhibit of canned blueberries; first for canned raspberries. Mrs. W. S. Marsh, Intervale, 1st prize for quart of cultivated cranberries. Mrs. R. H. Libbey, 1st prize for specimen of canned gooseberries; 1st for canned strawberries; 1st for jar of maple syrup. Whittier & Rollins, Farmington Falls, 1st prize for exhibit of one-gallon can of apples, put up for market ($1.00). Mrs. Frances Hoyt, 1st prize for specimen of preserved apples.

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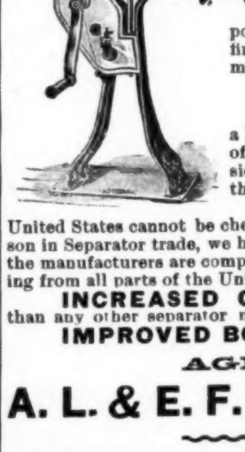

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INCREASED CAPACITIES, giving you more for your money than any other separator manufactured.

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"Well, I don't know," he said sulkily. "To me he looks like a fool—to walk about always in that dead and alive sort of way, muttering to himself like an old Kaffir witch doctor! He works hard enough, but it's always as though he didn't know what he was doing. You don't know how he looks to a person who sees him for the first time."

Lyndall was softly touching the little sore foot as she read, and Doss, to show he liked it, licked her hand.

"But, Miss Lyndall," persisted Gregory, "what do you really think of him?"

"I think," said Lyndall, "that he is like a thorn tree, which grows up very quietly, without any one's caring for it, and one day suddenly breaks out into yellow blossoms."

"And what do you think I am like?" asked Gregory hopefully.

Lyndall looked up from her book.

"Like a little tin duck floating on a dish of water, that comes after a piece of bread stuck on a needle, and the more the needle pricks it the more it comes on."

"Oh, you are making fun of me now, you really are!" said Gregory, feeling wretched. "You are making fun, aren't you, now?"

"Partly. It is always diverting to make comparisons."

"Yes; but you don't compare me to anything nice, and you do other people. What is Em like, now?"

"The accompaniment of a song. She fills up the gaps in other people's lives and is always number two. But I think she is like many accompaniments—a great deal better than the song she is to accompany."

"She is not half so good as you are," said Gregory, with a burst of uncontrollable ardor.

"She is so much better than I that her little finger has more goodness in it than my whole body. I hope you may not live to find out the truth of that fact."

"You are like an angel," he said, the blood rushing to his head and face.

"Yes, probably. Angels are of many orders."

"You are the one being that I love!" said Gregory, quivering. "I thought I loved before, but I know now! Do not be angry with me. I know you could never like me. But if I might but always be near you to serve you I would be utterly, utterly happy. I would ask nothing in return. If you could only take everything I have and use it! I want nothing but to be of use to you."

She looked at him for a few moments.

"How do you know," she said slowly, "that you could not do something to serve me? You could serve me by giving me your name."

He started and turned his burning face to her.

"You are very cruel. You are ridiculing me," he said.

"No, I am not, Gregory. What I am saying is plain, matter of fact business. If you are willing to give me your name within three weeks' time, I am willing to marry you; if not, well. I want nothing more than your name. That is a clear proposal, is it not?"

He looked up. Was it contempt, loathing, pity, that moved in the eyes above? He could not tell, but he stooped over the little foot and kissed it.

She smiled.

"Do you really mean it?" he whispered.

"Yes. You wish to serve me and to have nothing in return. You shall have what you wish." She held out her fingers for Doss to lick. "Do you see this dog? He licks my hand because I love him, and I allow him to. Where I do not love I do not allow it. I believe you love me. I, too, could love so that to lie under the foot of the thing I loved would be more heaven than to lie in the breast of another. Come. Let us go. Carry the dog," she added. "He will not bite you if I put him in your arms. So—do not let his foot hang down."

They descended the "kopje." At the bottom he whispered:

"Would you not take my arm? The path is very rough."

She rested her fingers lightly on it.

"I may yet change my mind about marrying you before the time comes. It is very likely. Mark you!" she said, turning round on him. "I remember your words—you will give everything and expect nothing. The knowledge that you are serving me is to be your reward, and you will have that. You will serve me, and greatly. The reasons I have for marrying you I need not inform you of now. You will probably discover some of them before long."

"I only want to be of some use to you," he said.

It seemed to Gregory that there were pulses in the soles of his feet, and the ground shimmered as on a summer's day. They walked round the foot of the "kopje" and past the Kaffir huts. An old Kaffir maid knelt at the door of one grinding mealies. That she should see him walking so made his heart beat so fast that the hand on his arm felt its pulsation. It seemed that she must envy him.

Just then Em looked out again at the back window and saw them coming. She cried bitterly all the while she sorted the skins.

But that night when Lyndall had blown her candle out and half turned round to sleep the door of Em's bedroom opened.

"I want to say good night to you, Lyndall," she said, coming to the bedside and kneeling down.

"I thought you were asleep," Lyndall replied.

"Yes, I have been asleep, but I had such a vivid dream," she said, holding the other's hands, "and that awoke me. I never had so vivid a dream before.

"It seemed I was a little girl again, and I came somewhere into a large room. On a bed in the corner there was something lying dressed in white, and its little eyes were shut, and its little face was like wax. I thought it was a doll, and I ran forward to take it, but some one held up her finger and said: 'Hush! It is a little dead baby.' And I said, 'Oh, I must go and call Lyndall, that she may look at it also.'

"And they put their faces close down to my ear and whispered, 'It is Lyndall's baby.'

"And I said: 'She cannot be grown up yet. She is only a little girl! Where is she?' And I went to look for you, but I could not find you.

"And when I came to some people who were dressed in black I asked them where you were, and they looked down at their black clothes and shook their heads and said nothing, and I could not find you anywhere, and then I awoke.

"Lyndall," she said, putting her face down upon the hands she held, "it made me think about that time when we were little girls and used to play together, when I loved you better than anything else in the world. It isn't any one's fault that they love you. They can't help it. And it isn't your fault. You don't make them love you. I know it."

"Thank you, dear," Lyndall said. "It is nice to be loved, but it would be better to be good."

Then they wished good night, and Em went back to her room. Long after Lyndall lay in the dark thinking, thinking, thinking, and as she turned round wearily to sleep she muttered:

"There are some wiser in their sleeping than in their waking."

CHAPTER XXII.

LYNDALL'S STRANGER.

A fire is burning in the unused hearth of the cabin. The fuel blazes up and lights the black rafters and warms the faded red lions on the quilt and fills the little room with a glow of warmth and light made brighter by contrast, for outside the night is chill and misty.

Before the open fireplace sits a stranger, his tall, slight figure reposing in the broken armchair, his keen blue eyes studying the fire from beneath delicately penciled, drooping eyelids. One white hand plays thoughtfully with a heavy flaxen mustache, yet once he starts, and for an instant the languid lids raise themselves. There is a keen, intent look upon the face as he listens for something. Then he leans back in his chair, fills his glass from the silver flask in his bag and resumes his old posture.

Presently the door opens noiselessly. It is Lyndall, followed by Doss. Quietly as she enters he hears her and turns.

"I thought you were not coming."

"I waited till all had gone to bed. I could not come before."

She removed the shawl that enveloped her, and the stranger rose to offer her his chair, but she took her seat on a low pile of sacks before the window.

"I hardly see why I should be outlawed after this fashion," he said, reseating himself and drawing his chair a little nearer to her. "These are hardly the quarters one expects to find after traveling a hundred miles in answer to an invitation."

"I said, 'Come if you wish.'"

"And I did wish. You give me a cold reception."

"I could not take you to the house. Questions would be asked which I could not answer without prevarication."

"Your conscience is growing to have a certain virgin tenderness," he said in a low, melodious voice.

"I have no conscience. I spoke one deliberate lie this evening. I said the man who had come looked rough. We had best not have him in the house. Therefore I brought him here. It was a deliberate lie, and I hate lies. I tell them if I must, but they hurt me."

"Well, you do not tell lies to yourself, at all events. You are candid so far."

She interrupted him.

"You got my short letter?"

"Yes; that is why I come. You sent a very foolish reply. You must take it back. Who is this fellow you talk of marrying?"

"A young farmer."

"Lives here?"

"Yes; he has gone to town to get things for our wedding."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"A fool."

"And you would rather marry him than me?"

"Yes, because you are not one."

"That is a novel reason for refusing to marry a man," he said, leaning his elbow on the table and watching her keenly.

"It is a wise one," she said shortly. "If I marry him, I shall shake him off my hand when it suits me. If I remained with him for 12 months, he would never have dared to kiss my hand. As far as I wish he should come he comes and no further. Would you ask me what you might and what you might not do?"

Her companion raised his mustache with a caressing movement from his lip and smiled. It was not a question that stood in need of any answer.

"Why do you wish to enter on this semblance of marriage?"

"Because there is only one point on which I have a conscience. I have told you so."

"Then why not marry me?"

"Because if once you have me you would hold me fast. I shall never be free again." She drew a long, low breath.

"What have you done with the ring I gave you?" he said.

"Sometimes I wear it. Then I take it off and wish to throw it into the fire. The next day I put it on again, and sometimes I kiss it."

"So you do love me a little?"

"If you were not something more to me than any other man in the world, do you think"— She paused. "I love you when I see you, but when you are away from me I hate you."

"Then I fear I must be singularly invisible at the present moment," he said. "Possibly if you were to look less fixedly into the fire you might perceive me."

He moved his chair slightly so as to come between her and the firelight. She raised her eyes to his face.

"If you do love me," he asked her, "why will you not marry me?"

"Because if I had been married to you for a year I should have come to my senses and seen that your hands and your voice are like the hands and the voice of any other man. I cannot quite see that now. But it is all madness. You call into activity one part of my nature. There is a higher part that you know nothing of, that you never touch. If I married you, afterward it would arise and assert itself, and I should hate you always, as I do now sometimes."

"I like you when you grow metaphysical and analytical," he said, leaning his face upon his hand. "Go a little further in your analysis. Say, 'I love you with the right ventricle of my heart, but not the left, and with the left auricle of my heart, but not the right, and, this being the case, my affection for you is not of a duly elevated, intellectual and spiritual nature.' I like you when you get philosophical."

She looked quietly at him. He was trying to turn her own weapons against her.

"You are acting foolishly, Lyndall," he said, suddenly changing his manner and speaking earnestly, "most foolishly. You are acting like a little child. I am surprised at you. It is all very well to have ideals and theories, but you know as well as any one can that they must not be carried into the practical world. I love you. I do not pretend that it is in any high, superhuman sense. I do not say that I should like you as well if you were ugly and deformed, or that I should continue to prize you whatever your treatment of me might be, or to love you though you were a spirit without any body at all. That is sentimentality for beardless boys. Every one not a mere child (and you are not a child, except in years) knows what love between a man and a woman means. I love you with that love. I should not have believed it possible that I could have brought myself twice to ask of any woman to be my wife, more especially one without wealth, without position and who"—

"Yes; go on. Do not grow sorry for me. Say what you were going to—'who has put herself into my power and who has lost the right of meeting me on equal terms.' Say what you think. At least we two may speak the truth to one another."

Then she added, after a pause:

"I believe you do love me, as much as you possibly could love anything, and I believe that when you ask me to marry you you are performing the most generous act you ever have performed in the course of your life or ever will, but, at the same time, if I had required your generosity, it would not have been shown me. If, when I got your letter a month ago, hinting at your willingness to marry me, I had at once written, imploring you to come, you would have read the letter. 'Poor little devil!' you would have said and tore it up. The next week you would have sailed for Europe and have sent me a check for £150, which I would have thrown in the fire, and I would have heard no more of you." The stranger smiled. "But because I declined your proposal, and wrote that in three weeks I should be married to another, then what you call love woke up. Your man's love is a child's love for butterflies. You follow till you have the thing and break it. If you have broken one wing and the thing flies still, then you love it more than ever and follow till you break both. Then you are satisfied when it lies still on the ground."

"You are profoundly wise in the ways of the world. You have seen far into life," he said.

He might as well have sneered at the firelight.

"I have seen enough to tell me that you love me because you cannot bear to be resisted and want to master me. You liked me at first because I treated you and all men with indifference. You resolved to have me because I seemed unattainable. That is all your love means."

He felt a strong inclination to stoop down and kiss the little lips that defied him, but he restrained himself. He said quietly, "And you loved me"—

"Because you are strong. You are the first man I ever was afraid of. And"—a dreamy look came into her face—"because I like to experience. I like to try. You don't understand that."

He smiled.

"Well, since you will not marry me, may I inquire what your intentions are, the plan you wrote of? You asked me to come and hear it, and I have come."

"I said, 'Come if you wish.' If you agree to it, well; if not, I marry on Monday."

"Well."

She was still looking beyond him at the fire.

"I cannot marry you," she said slowly, "because I cannot be tied; but, if you wish, you may take me away with you and take care of me. Then when we do not love any more we can say goodby. I will not go down country," she added. "I will not go to Europe. You must take me to the Transvaal. That is out of the world. People we meet there we need not see again in our future lives."

"Oh, my darling," he said, bending tenderly and holding his hand out to her, "why will you not give yourself entirely to me? One day you will desert me and go to another."

She shook her head without looking at him.

"No; life is too long. But I will go with you."

"When?"

"Tomorrow. I have told them that before daylight I go to the next farm. I will write from the town and tell them the facts. I do not want them to trouble me. I want to shake myself free of these old surroundings; I want them to lose sight of me. You can understand that it is necessary for me."

He seemed lost in consideration. Then he said:

"It is better to have you on those conditions than not at all. If you will have it, let it be so."

He sat looking at her. On her face was the weary look that rested there so often now when she sat alone. Two months had not passed since they parted, but the time had set its mark on her. He looked at her carefully, from the brown, smooth forehead to the little, crossed feet on the floor. A worn look had grown over the little face, and it made its charm for him stronger, for pain and time, which trace deep lines and write a story on a human face, have a strangely different effect on one face and another. The face that is only fair, even very fair, they mar and flaw, but to the face whose beauty is the harmony between that which speaks from within and the form through which it speaks power is added by all that causes the outer man to bear more deeply the impress of the inner. The pretty woman fades with the roses on her cheeks and the girlhood that lasts an hour. The beautiful woman finds her fullness of bloom only when a past has written itself on her, and her power is then most irresistible when it seems going.

From under their half closed lids the keen eyes looked down at her. Her shoulders were bent. For a moment the little figure had forgotten its queenly bearing and drooped wearily. The wide dark eyes watched the fire very softly.

It certainly was not in her power to resist him nor any strength in her that made his own at that moment grow soft as he looked at her.

He touched one little hand that rested on her knee.

"Poor little thing!" he said. "You are only a child."

She did not draw her hand away from his and looked up at him.

"You are very tired?"

"Yes."

She looked into his eyes as a little child might whom a long day's play had saddened.

He lifted her gently up and sat her on his knee.

"Poor little thing!" he said.

She turned her face to his shoulder and buried it against his neck. He wound his strong arm about her and held her close to him. When she had sat for a long while, he drew with his hand the face down and held it against his arm. He kissed it and then put it back in its old resting place.

"Don't you want to talk to me?"

"No."

"Have you forgotten the night in the avenue?"

He could feel that she shook her head.

"Do you want to be quiet now?"

"Yes."

They sat quite still, excepting that only sometimes he raised her fingers softly to his mouth.

Doss, who had been asleep in the corner, waking suddenly, planted himself before them, his wiry legs moving nervously, his yellow eyes filled with anxiety. He was not at all sure that she was not being retained in her present position against her will and was not a little relieved when she sat up and held out her hand for the shawl.

"I must go," she said.

The stranger wrapped the shawl very carefully about her.

"Keep it close around your face, Lyndall. It is very damp outside. Shall I walk with you to the house?"

"No. Lie down and rest. I will come and wake you at 3 o'clock."

She lifted her face that he might kiss it, and when he had kissed it once she still held it that he might kiss it again. Then he let her out. He had seated himself at the fireplace when she reopened the door.

"Have you forgotten anything?"

"No."

She gave one long, lingering look at the old room. When she was gone and the door shut, the stranger filled his glass and sat at the table sipping it thoughtfully.

The night outside was misty and damp. The faint moonlight, trying to force its way through the thick air, made darkly visible the outlines of the buildings. The stones and walls were moist, and now and then a drop, slowly collecting, fell from the eaves to the ground. Doss, not liking the change from the cabin's warmth, ran quickly to the kitchen doorstep, but his mistress walked slowly past him and took her way up the winding footpath that ran beside the stone wall of the camps. When she came to the end of the last camp, she threaded her way among the stones and bushes till she reached the German's grave. Why she had come there she hardly knew. She stood looking down. Suddenly she bent and put one hand on the face of a wet stone.

"I shall never come to you again," she said.

Then she knelt on the ground and leaned her face upon the stones.

"Dear old man, good old man, I am so tired!" she said, for we will come to the dead to tell secrets we would never have told to the living. "I am so tired! There is light, there is warmth!" she wailed. "Why am I alone, so hard, so cold? I am so weary of myself! It is eating my soul to its core—self, self, self! I cannot bear this life! I cannot breathe, I cannot live! Will nothing free me from myself?" She pressed her cheek against the wooden post. "I want to love! I want something great and pure to lift me to itself! Dear old man, I cannot bear it any more! I am so cold, so hard, so hard! Will no one help me?"

The water gathered slowly on her shawl and fell on to the wet stones, but she lay there crying bitterly, for so the living soul will cry to the dead and the creature to its God, and of all this crying there comes nothing. The lifting up of the hands brings no salvation. Redemption is from within, and neither from God nor man. It is wrought out by the soul itself with suffering and through time.

Doss, on the kitchen doorstep, shivered and wondered where his mistress staid so long, and once, sitting sadly there in the damp, he had dropped asleep and dreamed that old Otto gave him a piece of bread and patted him on the head, and when he woke his teeth chattered, and he moved to another stone to see if it was drier. At last he heard his mistress' step, and they went into the house together. She lighted a candle and walked to the Boer woman's bedroom. On a nail under the lady in pink hung the key of the wardrobe. She took it down and opened the great press. From a little drawer she took £50, all she had in the world, relocked the door and turned to hang up the key. Then she paused, hesitated. The marks of tears were still on her face, but she smiled.

"Fifty pounds for a lover! A noble reward!" she said and opened the wardrobe and returned the notes to the drawer, where Em might find them.

Once in her own room, she arranged the few articles she intended to take tomorrow, burned her old letters and then went back to the front room to look at the time. There were two hours yet before she must call him. She sat down at the dressing table to wait and leaned her elbows on it and buried her face in her hands. The glass reflected the little brown head with its even parting and the tiny hands on which it rested. "One day I will love something utterly, and then I will be better," she said once. Presently she looked up. The large dark eyes from the glass looked back at her. She looked deep into them.

"We are all alone, you and I," she whispered. "No one helps us; no one understands us. But we will help ourselves." The eyes looked back at her. There was a world of assurance in their still depths. So they had looked at her ever since she could remember, when it was but a small child's face above a blue pinafore. "We shall never be quite alone, you and I," she said. "We shall always be together, as we were when we were little."

The beautiful eyes looked into the depths of her soul.

"We are not afraid. We will help ourselves!" she said. She stretched out her hand and pressed it over them on the glass. "Dear eyes! We will never be quite alone till they part us—till then!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

GREGORY ROSE HAS AN IDEA.

Gregory Rose was in the loft putting it neat. Outside the rain poured. A six months' drought had broken, and the thirsty plain was drenched with water. What it could not swallow ran off in mad rivulets to the great "sloot" that now foamed like an angry river across the flat. Even the little furrow between the farmhouse and the kraals was now a stream, knee deep, which almost bore away the Kaffir women who crossed it. It had rained for 24 hours, and still the rain poured on. The fowls had collected—a melancholy crowd—in and about the wagon house, and the solitary gander, who alone had survived the six months' want of water, walked hither and thither, printing his webbed footmarks on the mud, to have them washed out the next instant by the pelting rain, which at 11 o'clock still beat on the walls and roofs with unabated ardor.

Gregory as he worked in the loft took no notice of it beyond stuffing a sack into the broken pane to keep it out, and, in spite of the pelt and patter, Em's clear voice might be heard through the open trapdoor from the dining room, where she sat at work, singing the "Blue Water"—

"And take me away,
And take me away,
And take me away
To the Blue Water"—

that quaint childish song of the people that has a world of sweetness and sad, vague yearning when sung over and over dreamily by a woman's voice as she sits alone at her work. But Gregory heard neither that nor yet the loud laughter of the Kaffir maids that every now and again broke through from the kitchen, where they joked and worked. Of late Gregory had grown strangely impervious to the sounds and sights about him. His lease had run out, but Em had said: "Do not renew it. I need one to help me. Just stay on." And she had added: "You must not remain in your own little house. Live with me. You can look after my ostriches better so."

And Gregory did not thank her. What difference did it make to him, paying rent or not, living there or not? It was all one. But yet he came. Em wished that he would still sometimes talk of the strength and master right of man, but Gregory was as one smitten on the cheek bone. She might do what she pleased, he would find no fault, had no word to say. He had forgotten that it is man's right to rule. On that rainy morning he had lighted his pipe at the kitchen fire and when breakfast was over stood in the front door watching the water rush down the road till the pipe died out in his mouth. Em saw she must do something for him and found him a large calico duster. He had sometimes talked of putting the loft neat, and today she could find nothing else for him to do. So she had the ladder put to the trapdoor that he need not go out in the wet, and Gregory with the broom and duster mounted to the loft. Once at work, he worked hard. He dusted down the very rafters and cleaned the broken candle molds and bent forks that had stuck in the thatch for 20 years. He placed the black bottles neatly in rows on an old box in the corner and piled the skins on one another and sorted the rubbish in all the boxes, and at 11 o'clock his work was almost done.

He seated himself on the packing case which had once held Waldo's books and proceeded to examine the contents of another which he had not yet looked at. It was carelessly nailed down. He loosened one plank and began to lift out various articles of female attire — old fashioned caps, aprons, dresses with long pointed bodies such as he remembered to have seen his mother wear when he was a little child. He shook them out carefully to see there were no moths and then sat down to fold them up again one by one. They had belonged to Em's mother, and the box as packed at her death had stood untouched and forgotten these long years. She must have been a tall woman, that mother of Em's, for when he stood up to shake out a dress the neck was on a level with his, and the skirt touched the ground. Gregory laid a nightcap out on his knee and began rolling up the strings, but presently his fingers moved slower and slower, then his chin rested on his breast, and finally the imploring blue eyes were fixed on the frill abstractedly. When Em's voice called to him from the foot of the ladder, he started and threw the nightcap behind him.

She was only come to tell him that his cup of soup was ready, and when he could hear that she was gone he picked up the nightcap again and a great brown sun "kapje," just such a "kapje" and such a dress as one of those he remembered to have seen a Sister of Mercy wear. Gregory's mind was very full of thought. He took down a fragment of an old looking glass from behind a beam and put the "kapje" on. His beard looked somewhat grotesque under it. He put up his hand to hide it. That was better. The blue eyes looked out with mild gentleness that became eyes looking out from under a "kapje." Next he took the brown dress and, looking round furtively, slipped it over his head. He had just got his arms in the sleeves and was trying to hook up the back when an increase in the patter of the rain at the window made him drag it off hastily. When he perceived there was no one coming, he tumbled the things back into the box and, covering it carefully, went down the ladder.

Em was still at her work, trying to adjust a new needle in the machine. Gregory drank his soup and then sat before her, an awful and mysterious look in his eyes.

"I am going to town tomorrow," he said.

"I'm almost afraid you won't be able to go," said Em, who was intent on her needle. "I don't think it is going to leave off today."

"I am going," said Gregory.

Em looked up.

"But the 'sloots' are as full as rivers. You cannot go. We can wait for the post," she said.

"I am not going for the post," said Gregory impressively.

Em looked for explanation. None came.

"When will you be back?"

"I am not coming back."

"Are you going to your friends?"

Gregory waited, then caught her by the wrist.

"Look here, Em," he said between his teeth. "I can't stand it any more. I am going to her."

Since that day when he had come home and found Lyndall gone he had never talked of her, but Em knew who it was who needed to be spoken of by no name.

She said when he had released her hand:

"But you do not know where she is?"

"Yes, I do. She was in Bloemfontein when I heard last. I will go there, and I will find out where she went then, and then, and then! I will have her!"

Em turned the wheel quickly, and the ill adjusted needle sprang into 20 fragments.

"Gregory," she said, "she does not want us. She told us so clearly in the letter she wrote." A flush rose on her face as she spoke. "It will only be pain to you, Gregory. Will she like to have you near her?"

There was an answer he might have made, but it was his secret, and he did not choose to share it. He said only:

"I am going."

"Will you be gone long, Gregory?"

"I do not know. Perhaps I shall never come back. Do what you please with my things. I cannot stay here."

He rose from his seat.

"People say forget, forget!" he cried, pacing the room. "They are mad! They are fools! Do they say so to men who are dying of thirst—forget, forget? Why is it only to us they say so? It is a lie to say that time makes it easy! It is afterward, afterward, that it eats in at your heart! All these months," he cried bitterly, "I have lived here quietly, day after day, as if I cared for what I ate and what I drank and what I did! I care for nothing! I cannot bear it! I will not! Forget, forget!" ejaculated Gregory. "You can forget all the world, but you cannot forget yourself. When one thing is more to you than yourself, how are you to forget it?

"I read," he said—"yes, and then I come to a word she used, and it is all back with me again! I go to count my sheep, and I see her face before me, and I stand and let the sheep run by. I look at you, and in your smile, a something at the corner of your lips, I see her. How can I forget her when, whenever I turn, she is there and not there? I cannot, I will not, live where I do not see her!

"I know what you think," he said, turning upon Em. "You think I am mad; you think I am going to see whether she will not like me! I am not so foolish. I should have known at first she never could suffer me. Who am I, what am I, that she should look at me? If any one says it is not, it is a lie! I am not going to speak to her," he added, "only to see her, only to stand sometimes in a place where she has stood before."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNFINISHED LETTER.

Gregory Rose had been gone seven months. Em sat alone on a white sheepskin before the fire.

The August wind, weird and shrill, howled round the chimneys and through the crannies and in walls and doors and uttered a long, low cry as it forced its way among the clefts of the stones on the "kopje." It was a wild night. The prickly pear tree, stiff and upright as it held its arms, felt the wind's might and knocked its flat leaves heavily together till great branches broke off. The Kaffirs as they slept in their straw huts whispered one to another that before morning there would not be an armful of thatch left on the roofs, and the beams of the wagon house creaked and groaned as if it were heavy work to resist the importunity of the wind.

Em had not gone to bed. Who could sleep on a night like this? So in the dining room she had lighted a fire and sat on the ground before it, turning the roaster cakes that lay on the coals to bake. It would save work in the morning, and she blew out the light because the wind through the window chinks made it flicker and run, and she sat singing to herself as she watched the cakes. They lay at one end of the wide hearth on a bed of coals, and at the other end a fire burned up steadily, casting its amber glow over Em's light hair and black dress, with the ruffle of crape about the neck and over the white curls of the sheepskin on which she sat.

Louder and more fiercely yet howled the storm, but Em sang on and heard nothing but the words of her song, and heard them only faintly, as something restful. It was an old, childish song she had often heard her mother sing long ago:

"Where the reeds dance by the river,
Where the willow's song is said,
On the face of the morning water,
Is reflected a white flower's head."

She folded her hands and sang the next verse dreamily:

"Where the reeds shake by the river,
Where the moonlight's sheen is shed,
On the face of the sleeping water,
Two leaves of a white flower float dead,
Dead, dead, dead!"

She echoed the refrain softly till it died away and then repeated it. It was as if, unknown to herself, it harmonized with the pictures and thoughts that sat with her there alone in the firelight. She turned the cakes over while the wind hurled down a row of bricks from the gable and made the walls tremble.

Presently she paused and listened. There was a sound as of something knocking at the back doorway. But the wind had raised its level higher, and she went on with her work. At last the sound was repeated. Then she rose, lighted the candle at the fire and went to see, only to satisfy herself, she said, that nothing could be out on such a night.

She opened the door a little way and held the light behind her to defend it from the wind. The figure of a tall man stood there, and before she could speak he had pushed his way in and was forcing the door to close behind him.

"Waldo!" she cried in astonishment.

He had been gone more than a year and a half.

"You did not expect to see me," he answered as he turned toward her. "I should have slept in the outhouse and not troubled you tonight, but through the shutter I saw glimmerings of a light."

"Come into the fire," she said. "It is a terrific night for any creature to be out. Shall we not go and fetch your things in first?" she added.

"I have nothing but this," he said, motioning to the little bundle in his hand.

"Your horse?"

"Is dead."

"The cakes are almost ready," she said. "I will get you something to eat. Where have you been wandering all this while?"

"Up and down, up and down," he answered wearily, "and now the whim has seized me to come back here. Em," he said, putting his hand on her arm as she passed him, "have you heard from Lyndall lately?"

"Yes," said Em, turning quickly from him.

"Where is she? I had one letter from her, but that is almost a year ago now, just when she left. Where is she?"

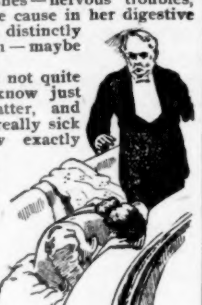
"In the Transvaal. I will go and get you some supper. We can talk afterward."

"Can you give me her exact address? I want to write to her."

But Em had gone into the next room.

(Continued next week)

It is something besides bad air that makes a woman faint in a close theatre. A well woman wouldn't faint. The woman who easily grows faint and dizzy—who has palpitation of the heart—a "stuffy" feeling—hot flushes—nervous troubles, better look for the cause in her digestive system or in the distinctly feminine organism—maybe in both.



Women who are not quite well and don't know just what is the matter, and women who are really sick and don't know exactly what is the matter should write at once to Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N.Y., stating their symptoms in detail. They will be advised by Dr. Pierce without charge.

Dr. Pierce is, and for over thirty years has been, chief consulting physician in the world-renowned Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. He has treated and cured more suffering women than any other physician in the world, and more of his "Favorite Prescription," for the correction and cure of all disorders and diseases of the feminine organs, except cancer, has been sold than of all other similar medicines.

Write to Dr. Pierce. If his medicines are what you need he will tell you so, if they are not what you need he will honestly say so and will tell you what to do. Dr. Pierce's position is a sufficient guarantee that his advice will not be biased by the hope of selling you a few bottles of medicine.

If you wish to study up your own case Dr. Pierce will send you, *free of all cost*, a paper-bound copy of his great 1000-page book, the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," of which over 750,000 were sold at $1.50 a copy. All that Dr. Pierce asks is that you send 21 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing *only*. If you prefer the book in fine French cloth send 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N Y.

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To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"Don't you keep tellin' po' folks how sorry you is you can't help 'em," said Uncle Eben. "Dey has too much trouble of deir own to stop an' sympathize wid you."—*Washington Star.*

"Boys," said the Sunday school teacher, addressing the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me anything about Good Friday?" "Yes'm, I can," replied the urchin at the foot of the class. "He's the feller what done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Home Department.

EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the Maine Farmer.

VIA CRUCIS.

BY A. BRENDA TROOP.

A kingly gift I had,
A gift divine,
I prized it not enough,
'Twas mine—all mine.

At last I knew its worth,
Gave fair return,
All mine, no longer now,
Too late I learn.

Ah, is it always so?
Is naught complete?
If what we gave, received,
Then life were sweet.

Child, life were then too sweet,
Heaven a loss;
For every shoulder God
Has made a cross.

We crave for sympathy,
Stretch out our hand,
There is no human soul
Can understand.

At last our hearts uplift
To Him above;
'Tis by the cross we know
A perfect love.

A LEAF FROM A BUSY LIFE.

Editor Maine Farmer: What to write? That is the question. Now, I would like to be able to write on such subjects as might interest your readers. But here I am in a region where there are few good farms. The land is not so good for agricultural purposes as most of our state, and in consequence the people have devoted themselves to lumbering and mill business. My husband is a millman, my son is a carriage and sign painter; occasionally paints houses. Living in a small village, we cultivate only a small patch of ground, just a fair garden spot. I was born and brought up on a farm in Androscoggin county, once a part of Cumberland county, and my choice would be to live on a farm. But alas, for the dreams of youth! How few people ever realize them! I am very fond of domestic animals, and I think I know a good cow, a well matched yoke of oxen, thrifty sheep and swine, but I should not be able to interest the patrons of your paper, who have had a far better chance than I to learn and observe everything pertaining to a farmer's and dairyman's life. There is no grange in this vicinity. The nearest creamery is in Waterford, some eight or nine miles distant. Some of our townsmen send their cream to the creamery there. Part of the families in this village keep cows just for their own use. Others prefer to buy milk and butter, as it is difficult getting a cow pastured without driving too far to make it profitable. We have kept a cow occasionally. I am fond of dairy work, and also the good dishes which can be prepared with milk, cream and butter to help the cook.

There is very little news in this back country town to interest the public at present, except that there have been several deer shot in this town and vicinity by some of our townsmen. Also by men from other towns. I do not know the number killed. We have been quite free from epidemics, fires and serious accidents during the past year. The drought has been the greatest and most protracted ever known by the present generation. Springs and wells have failed that were never known to go dry before. At present, brooks and ponds are very low. The weather has been mild for December. I do not know as it will be very interesting, but perhaps a chapter or so from my own experience might catch the eye of some sister and find an echo in her heart.

My mother died in my early childhood, leaving me a motherless girl, one of the most helpless and pitiful creatures on earth. I was the only child, and had not the blessed companionship of older sisters to guide my footsteps. In due course of time, a step-mother was installed as mistress of the house and of me, too. She was a hard-working, worthy woman, and I have no doubt she tried to do her duty by me, according to her ideas of right. As I reflect on the past, I have great sympathy for her in her many trials, and can find excuses for much that was inexcusable to my childish mind. I was naturally affectionate, and longed for that mother love that she could not give me; and being extremely sensitive, felt any slight, neglect, unjust reproach or punishment very keenly. Consequently I was ofttimes wounded in spirit and made wretched.

I used to almost envy my schoolmates who were blessed with mother of their own. My teachers were usually very kind to me, and from them I received the most encouragement and approbation that my childhood ever knew. I shall hold them ever in loving remembrance for their kind, helpful words and the good seed sown in my youthful heart.

As I grew older and other children were added to the family, it seemed to me that my father cared less for me, and this feeling increased until it seemed as if a barrier existed between us. I no longer sought his confidence, and he did not appear to care for it. My home was not a happy one, although I did not know what it was to suffer for the comforts of life. I was often blamed for things of which I was entirely innocent, and seldom got a word of commendation, however hard I might strive to please.

This state of affairs was unfortunate for one of my temperament, and I wonder that I was not ruined. I had a great desire to learn how to do pastry cooking, and used to tease my step-mother to let me try, and ask her to show me how, but time passed, and she was *always too busy. Some other day!* "She couldn't bother then." Or, "I should waste more

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Two leaves of a white flower float dead.
Dead, dead, dead!"

...e echoed the refrain softly till it ...away and then repeated it. It was ... unknown to herself, it harmoniz...ith the pictures and thoughts that ...ith her there alone in the firelight. ...urned the cakes over while the ... hurled down a row of bricks ... the gable and made the walls ...ble.

...esently she paused and listened. ...e was a sound as of something ...king at the back doorway. But the ... had raised its level higher, and ...went on with her work. At last the ...d was repeated. Then she rose, ...ed the candle at the fire and went ...e, only to satisfy herself, she said, ... nothing could be out on such a ...

...e opened the door a little way and ... the light behind her to defend it ... the wind. The figure of a tall man ... there, and before she could speak ...ad pushed his way in and was ...g the door to close behind him.

...aldo!" she cried in astonishment. ... had been gone more than a year ... half.

...u did not expect to see me," he ...ered as he turned toward her. "I ...d have slept in the outhouse and ...roubled you tonight, but through ...hutter I saw glimmerings of a ..."

...me into the fire," she said. "It is ...rific night for any creature to be ... Shall we not go and fetch your ...s in first?" she added.

...have nothing but this," he said, ...ning to the little bundle in his ...

...ur horse?"

... dead."

...e cakes are almost ready," she ... "I will get you something to ... Where have you been wandering ...is while?"

... and down, up and down," he an...d wearily, "and now the whim ...ized me to come back here. Em," ...id, putting his hand on her arm ...e passed him, "have you heard ... Lyndall lately?"

...s," said Em, turning quickly from ...

...here is she? I had one letter from ...ut that is almost a year ago now, ...when she left. Where is she?"

... the Transvaal. I will go and get ...ome supper. We can talk after...

...n you give me her exact address? ...t to write to her."

... Em had gone into the next room.

(Continued next week)

...Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
...uit tobacco easily and forever, be mag...ull of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-...e wonder-worker, that makes weak men ... All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaran... Booklet and sample free. Address ...g Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

...n't you keep tellin' po' folks how ...ou is you can't help 'em," said ... Eben. "Dey has too much trouble ... own to stop an' sympathize wid ...—*Washington Star.*

...s," said the Sunday school teach...dressing the juvenile class, "can ... you tell me anything about Good ...?" "Yes'm, I can," replied the ... at the foot of the class. "He's ...ler what done the housework for ...son Crusoe."

...o Cure Constipation Forever.
... Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.
...C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Home Department.

EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the Maine Farmer.

VIA CRUCIS.

BY A. BRENDA TROOP.

A kingly gift I had,
A gift divine,
I prized it not enough,
'Twas mine—all mine.

At last I knew its worth,
Gave fair return,
All mine, no longer now,
Too late I learn.

Ah, is it always so?
Is naught complete?
If what we gave, received,
Then life were sweet.

Child, life were then too sweet,
Heaven a loss;
For every shoulder God
Has made a cross.

We crave for sympathy,
Stretch out our hand,
There is no human soul
Can understand.

At last our hearts uplift
To Him above;
'Tis by the cross we know
A perfect love.

A LEAF FROM A BUSY LIFE.

Editor Maine Farmer: What to write? That is the question. Now, I would like to be able to write on such subjects as might interest your readers. But here I am in a region where there are few good farms. The land is not so good for agricultural purposes as most of our state, and in consequence the people have devoted themselves to lumbering and mill business. My husband is a millman, my son is a carriage and sign painter; occasionally paints houses. Living in a small village, we cultivate only a small patch of ground, just a fair garden spot. I was born and brought up on a farm in Androscoggin county, once a part of Cumberland county, and my choice would be to live on a farm. But alas, for the dreams of youth! How few people ever realize them! I am very fond of domestic animals, and I think I know a good cow, a well matched yoke of oxen, thrifty sheep and swine, but I should not be able to interest the patrons of your paper, who have had a far better chance than I to learn and observe everything pertaining to a farmer's and dairyman's life. There is no grange in this vicinity. The nearest creamery is in Waterford, some eight or nine miles distant. Some of our townsmen send their cream to the creamery there. Part of the families in this village keep cows just for their own use. Others prefer to buy milk and butter, as it is difficult getting a cow pastured without driving too far to make it profitable. We have kept a cow occasionally. I am fond of dairy work, and also the good dishes which can be prepared with milk, cream and butter to help the cook.

There is very little news in this back country town to interest the public at present, except that there have been several deer shot in this town and vicinity by some of our townsmen. Also by men from other towns. I do not know the number killed. We have been quite free from epidemics, fires and serious accidents during the past year. The drought has been the greatest and most protracted ever known by the present generation. Springs and wells have failed that were never known to go dry before. At present, brooks and ponds are very low. The weather has been mild for December. I do not know as it will be very interesting, but perhaps a chapter or so from my own experience might catch the eye of some sister and find an echo in her heart.

My mother died in my early childhood, leaving me a motherless girl, one of the most helpless and pitiful creatures on earth. I was the only child, and had not the blessed companionship of older sisters to guide my footsteps. In due course of time, a step-mother was installed as mistress of the house and of me, too. She was a hard-working, worthy woman, and I have no doubt she tried to do her duty by me, according to her ideas of right. As I reflect on the past, I have great sympathy for her in her many trials, and can find excuses for much that was inexcusable to my childish mind. I was naturally affectionate, and longed for that mother love that she could not give me; and being extremely sensitive, felt any slight, neglect, unjust reproach or punishment very keenly. Consequently I was ofttimes wounded in spirit and made wretched.

I used to almost envy my schoolmates who were blessed with mother of their own. My teachers were usually very kind to me, and from them I received the most encouragement and approbation that my childhood ever knew. I shall hold them ever in loving remembrance for their kind, helpful words and the good seed sown in my youthful heart.

As I grew older and other children were added to the family, it seemed to me that my father cared less for me, and this feeling increased until it seemed as if a barrier existed between us. I no longer sought his confidence, and he did not appear to care for it. My home was not a happy one, although I did not know what it was to suffer for the comforts of life. I was often blamed for things of which I was entirely innocent, and seldom got a word of commendation, however hard I might strive to please.

This state of affairs was unfortunate for one of my temperament, and I wonder that I was not ruined. I had a great desire to learn how to do pastry cooking, and used to tease my step-mother to let me try, and ask her to show me how, but time passed, and she was *always too busy. Some other day!* "She couldn't bother then." Or, "I should waste more than my neck was worth, *of course.*" While I learned to do a few things well and thoroughly, I was as ignorant of others as a Hottentot, and got the name of being a tom-boy, because I enjoyed an out-door life, and did many chores about the barn which boys commonly do. Matters continued thus until I was in my 13th year, before I had the privilege to make a mess of biscuits. After much coaxing my step-mother said I might make the bread for supper one day. I asked her to tell me the amount of soda, to the mixing, I was to use; but she would not, saying, "Go ahead and make them if you want to." I commenced the job, using my best judgment. Of course I acted awkward, as any novice would. But I have eaten poorer biscuits than mine proved to be, which were made by old housekeepers. I thought I had done well for a first attempt, and hoped for a word of approval. Did I get it? Not at all! My biscuits were subjects of ridicule from my step-mother. I was hurt to the very soul by such treatment, which I felt to be uncalled for and unjust, and I resolved to do no more pastry cooking while she presided over the household, and I kept my resolve. In the weary month that followed she would have been glad sometimes to have me make some bread, but I would not. I consider it a sin for any woman to bring up a girl in ignorance of common cooking and such other housework and sewing as falls to the lot of most women. No matter how wealthy—circumstances make it imperative for a woman to know how to do such work at some time in her life.

Before I was 14 years of age, circumstances placed me in a position where a thorough knowledge of housework would have been a God-send to me. Can I ever forget that time? I was left with the care of the house and to care for my half-brothers and little half-sister, who was not two years old. There was the work of a robust and capable woman to be done, and only me to do it, unless a woman was hired to help me.

I tried my best, but consider what that *best* must have been. Many sad hours and many mistakes were mine, and a feeling of self pity comes to me as I think of that ordeal through which I passed. We had a large, old-fashioned brick oven. It was before stoves came into general use. I knew how to heat the oven, and could cook beans, brown bread and Indian pudding; could cook potatoes and meat, make Johnny cakes and such like, but when it came to pies and cake I was like a sailor without a chart or compass. My first pumpkin pies! Can I ever forget them? Never, so long as life lasts. Yours truly,

MRS. H. E. SPEERS.

KITCHEN HELPS.

If you use an old-fashioned churn, you have doubtless been troubled with the cream splashing out on the lid while churning. Melt both ends off of a tin fruit can (one quart size) and slip it on the dasher handle down to the lid. This will catch all the splashes and save the work of cleaning the churn and floor after the churning is done.

One of the best articles for the kitchen is a written programme or bill of fare, showing what you intend to cook for each meal during the week. This will save much thinking at meal times, and will insure a variety. It may be prepared the first of every week with special reference to the material on hand or that which may be easily procured.

There is no need to have greasy, dingy dish cloths about the kitchen. Linen crash is cheap, and is easily kept clean. Flour sacks are good, also, and almost every family has a supply of them. When they are nicely bleached and hemmed, they will look neat and answer the purpose as well as any material you can buy. Let the supply be plentiful, so it will not be necessary to use them after they become badly soiled. Have a laundry bag hung in the pantry for the dish cloths, and wash them once or twice a week. Rub them through one water, scald them ten minutes in water containing enough Pearline to make a good suds, rinse and dry. This will cleanse and whiten the most neglected dish cloths, and will keep new ones in excellent condition.

A steam cooker is a labor-and-time-saving contrivance that should be found in every kitchen. When the different articles of food that are needed for a meal are put in its various compartments, all may be cooked over one burner of a gasoline stove.

Keep a clean whisk broom for dampening the clothes before ironing. Dip the broom in water, shake off the most of the water, then shake it lightly over the clothes. This makes the dampness more evenly distributed than if done by the hand.

E. J. C.

THE WAY TO TEACH.

Any method which is productive of lasting and beneficial results is a good method. "Reasoning," says Locke, "is the faculty of deducing unknown truths from principles already familiar."

The principal difficulty with teachers today is the same as Horace Mann pointed out years ago, "We do too much telling and too little teaching." Professor Dewey says of present day methods, "They succeed in crushing out all spontaneous interest in the subject itself, even if they do not all but destroy a capacity for it."

It is this spontaneous interest that must be awakened and kept alive. The teacher must be spontaneous, enthusiastic, very much alive. Such a teacher never uses a textbook during a recitation, is ready and apt in his illustrations, pleasing in manner of presentation, able to present the same thing in different ways, never resorts to sarcasm as a means of correction or to cover up his own lack of information, gets his class where the members are not afraid to try, sits little during recitation, possibly not at all, censures sparingly, praises much. But this kind of teaching takes time for careful preparation, and much hard work is required.—*Journal of Pedagogy.*

WHAT DO THE CHILDREN DRINK?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Common Sense Talk with Women

If a person is ill and needs a medicine is it not wise to get one that has stood the test of time and has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit?

A great many women who are ill try everything they hear of in the way of medicine, and this experimenting with unknown drugs is a constant menace to their already impaired health.

This seems to us very unwise, for there are remedies which are no experiments and have been known years and years to be doing only good.

Take for instance Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; for thirty years its record has been one unbroken chain of success. No medicine for female ills the world has ever known has such a record for cures.

It seems so strange that some people will take medicines about which they really know nothing, some of which might be, and are, really harmful; while on the other hand it is easily proved that over one million women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine.

All this should, and does, produce a spirit of confidence in the hearts of women which is difficult to dislodge, and when they are asked to take something else they say, "No, we want Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has been tried, and never found wanting, whose reliability is established far beyond the experimental stage."

We have thousands of letters like the following addressed to Mrs. Pinkham, showing that

Monthly Suffering is Always Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also Backache and Bearing-down pains.

"I suffered untold agony every month and could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall bless you as long as I live."—MISS JOIE SAUL, Dover, Mich.

"Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spells which would sometimes last three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhœa, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods, confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up after taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the highest terms to all sick women."—MISS ROSA HELDEN, 126 W. Cleveland Ave., Canton, O.

Two Letters which Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will Remove Tumor and Cure Other Female Weakness.

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MARY A. STAHL, Watsontown, Pa.

"After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhea, I can say that I have been entirely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and will gladly recommend them to my friends."—A. B. DAVIDS, Binghamton, N. Y.

Another Case of Womb, Kidney and Bladder Trouble Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR FRIEND—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worst form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing-down pains, burning in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble and my back was stiff and sore, the right ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

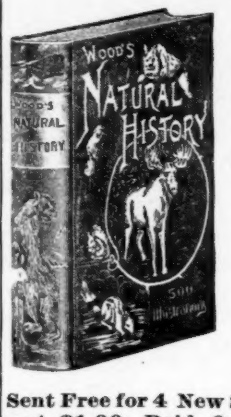
"I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my housework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefiting some other suffering woman. I recommend your Compound to every one."—MRS. MARY VAUGHN, Trimble, Pulaski Co., Ky.

In the life of almost every girl there are, I am sure, regrets to be found in plenty; places in plenty where opportunities for love or help or gentleness were overlooked or neglected. I had many such regrets in my life, yet in later years I think I made—as every girl may—stepping-stones of these regrets—stepping-stones to better and broader living.—*"Autobiography of a Girl," in the January Ladies' Home Journal.*

If you should have just what you really deserve—no more, no less—would you be as happy as you are now?

Young Folks.

A CHANCE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.



WHO CLAIMS THE FIRST ONE?

Sent Free for 4 New Subscribers at $1.00, Paid One Year in Advance.

350 pages; 500 engravings.

The BOOK for BOYS.

WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Where are the boys, the merry boys,
The boys we used to know—
The brave, home-loving, happy boys,
Who used to whistle so?
Sometimes behind the lowing herd
That wandered down the lane;
Sometimes with song of bee or bird
We caught the glad refrain.
Where are the boys, the helpful boys,
Who whistled at their play;
So patient when the work was hard,
Or dark and dull the day.
The barefoot boys who whistled loud
When all the way was clear;
And sent the sound from hill to hill
That other boys might hear.
The village street was full of them,
The byways fresh and cool,—
They whistled while they did the "chores,"
And on their way to school.
Those boys have grown to bearded men,
But in these latter days,
The boys are old before their time—
They have no boyish ways.
They ride a wheel, smoke cigarettes,
On football are intent;
They have no time to whistle now,
At golf or tournament.
Have we no boys, no merry boys,
Like those we used to know—
The happy, kind, home-loving boys,
Who used to whistle so?

—*Selected.*

A GOOD LETTER.

Dear Boys and Girls: Seeing a request in the *Maine Farmer* of Dec. 14, by Bessie Bennett for something about Miles Standish, I have written something in reply.

Thirteen years after the first settlement at Jamestown, a colony was planted in New England. As all other colonies had their brave soldiers, so did this one, and among them was one, a rather hot-tempered little man, Capt. Miles Standish. He was born in England, 1584. He became a soldier, and went to fight in what is now called Holland. The people of England, in those days were punished if they did not worship after the manner of the established church of the land. And this little band of people set up a church of their own, for which they were persecuted, because of which they went to Holland, where they met the man who became their captain. They remained there about thirteen years. By this time they had decided to seek a new home in the wild woods of America. About a hundred of them sailed on the Mayflower in 1620. The first ship landed at Cape Cod. Capt. Standish and sixteen men landed, and marched along the shore to find a place to settle. They marched quite a distance and found a place where the Indians had buried some corn which they dug up and took some of, for seed, and, when they found the right owner, they paid him for it.

Standish made his next trip in a boat. This time he found some Indian wigwams covered, and lined with mats. In December, Standish made his third trip, and it was so cold that the spray froze to the clothes of the men who rowed. One morning the men carried all their guns down to the boat, in order to be ready for a start as soon as breakfast. But they were scarcely seated at their meal, when all at once there came a shower of arrows, but for once the white men were in possession of their guns; they fired a volley which made the Indians take to their heels.

Capt. Standish and his men, at length came to a place, which Capt. Smith had named Plymouth. This had been an Indian village. Here the Pilgrims landed Dec. 21st, and they built some rough houses, using oiled paper instead of window glass. One half the people died here, as at Jamestown. Capt. Standish lost his wife, but he was well enough to be a good nurse. As there were not many houses there, the single men had to live in private families and a young man named John Alden lived in the family of Capt. Standish. Some time after the death of Capt. Standish's first wife, he wished to marry a young girl named Priscilla Mullins; but as Standish was much older than Priscilla, he got his young friend, John Alden, to go to the Mullins' home and secure Priscilla for him.

It seemed that John loved Priscilla and she did not dislike him, but Standish did not know this, and poor Alden felt bound to do as the Capt. requested. In that day the father was asked first. So Alden went to Mr. Mullins and told him what a brave man Standish was, when he asked if the captain might marry Priscilla. Her father said, "I have no objections to the captain, but this is a question she must decide for herself. So she was called in and told all about the affair, and she looked at John for a moment, then said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" The result was, that she married Alden, and the captain married another woman.

The next spring after the Pilgrims came to this country, a chief of an Indian tribe near Plymouth came to their village. He had learned a little English from the fishermen, so when he went into their settlement, he said, "Welcome Englishmen." This surprised the settlers very much, to hear an Indian speak English. They treated him well, and he came again bringing another with him, called Squanto, who could speak more English than the chief could. Squanto, who had lived at Plymouth, was one of the Indians carrried away by Capt. Hunt. From Spain, he had been taken to England and then brought back to America again. He showed the English how to catch eels, and he knew the woods and water well. He showed them how to plant corn as the Indians did. And without their seed corn, and the help of Squanto, the whole colony would have starved. Massasoit was the chief of Squanto's tribe, and Capt. Standish sent him a red cotton coat, and a copper chain, thus a firm friendship was established.

The Pilgrims were often very near starvation. At one time they lived on what fish they could catch.

Capt. Standish lived to be more than seventy years old, and to see many thousands of settlers in New England. He owned a place at Duxbury, just across the bay from Plymouth. He died in 1656. The hill which he owned is still called "Captain's Hill."

I wish some of the young folks would write something about Pocahontas.

MARY O. SANBORN.

This is a good letter and I hope we shall have more like it. Always have something to say and say it as well as you can.

COTTON.

Cotton is a plant that grows in Egypt, South America, and in southern North America. The plant grows to be from twelve to twenty feet high. The cotton, which is sometimes a creamy white or yellow color, grows in black pods, which break open when ripe.

Sea Island cotton is the best. It grows on the islands along the southern coast and on the mainland of Georgia, Alabama and Florida.

The cotton needs a dry place to grow in. The ground is plowed early, and the cotton is planted the last of March so that it will be ready to be picked in August. From then it is picked until the frost comes. It blossoms in June. The seeds and cotton used to be separated by hand, but in 1793 Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, which would take the seeds out faster and saved a good deal of time.

The southern states of the United States raise four-fifths of the cotton used in the world. It is put in 475 lb. bales, then sent on shipboard, and sent to all parts of the world, chiefly to England, where it is manufactured into cloth and again shipped back to America. New Orleans is the greatest cotton market in the world.

LAURENCE B. AIKEN.

Dear Boys and Girls: I thought I would write as I have not written for a long time. I have had a fine Christmas. I got lots of Christmas gifts. I got a cap, a handkerchief, three games, a watch, a pair of slippers, more or less money, some raisins, two bags of popcorn and a cup and saucer. We had a Christmas tree. I sang a song, and had a nice time. I am still at my Uncle John's. I have a sheep of my own. I think she is a darling pet. She will come and eat out of my pocket. We have four head of cattle, two horses, 22 sheep, 25 hens and three hogs. I am going to school and like to study. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, language, physiology, geography and spelling. This winter I have had a pair of skates given to me and I have learned to skate. I have all the reading I want, for we take five papers, *the Tribune, Farm and Home, Zion's Advocate, Bangor Commercial, Floral Magazine.* For Sunday School papers we take the *Colporteur, Our Boys and Girls, Our Little Ones.* My uncle is getting up his wood for next winter. EDDIE WHITE.

East Corinth.

Dear Boys and Girls: I live on a farm. I am 10 years old. I go to school. My studies are arithmetic, grammar, geography and spelling. I read in the fourth reader. I have a calf; her name is Daisy. She is trained very well, and I have fine rides, I have two pigeons and a white rat. We take the *Maine Farmer.* It is a nice paper. Please publish this.

Naples. LELAND W. MARTIN.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

"Adversity flattereth no man," but the pains of dyspepsia turn his attention to Hood's Sarsaparilla and in its use he finds a cure.

Sunday School Teacher. "You may repeat the golden text."

Conscientious Scholar. "Please, marm, my father's a Democrat. He says silver's good enough for him."

"Why did they operate on him for appendicitis?"

"They wanted to find out what was the matter with him."—*Puck.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Minister—"Little boy, do you know where little boys go who skate on the Sabbath?"

The Little Boy—"Yes, sir. They go where there ain't never no ice."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Manson. "I reckon that Dorvin is the laziest man in town."

Berry. "Oh, no, he isn't lazy. The trouble is, he has so much difficulty in finding congenial employment. For example, all last summer he had a strong desire to do some snow-shovelling; and as it happens, since winter set in that desire has left him, and he feels like pushing a lawn mower."

First deaf mute (with fingers)—Jigson did not speak when he went by.

Second deaf mute—He couldn't; he froze his fingers last night.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

90 Pains

out of every hundred are caused by, or accompanied with, inflammation. The quickest relief and cure of inflammation is given by JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, *either internally or externally* as the case requires. It is pleasant to take, dropped on sugar, and the relief it gives when rubbed on the surface is sure and swift. At any time of year it cures colic, cramp, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafing. In fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, la grippe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been in constant use, day and night, for

90 Years

You can trust and depend on a remedy that has been handed down from mother to daughter and to great grandchildren in the households that have produced the magnificent race of New England men and women. In the State of Maine where it was originated ten years before Maine was admitted to the Union, it is to-day the most popular household remedy and its sales are increasing. Now used everywhere.

Johnsons ANODYNE Liniment

In two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Larger size more economical.

Write for our 64-page book on "Treatment for Diseases." Free by mail.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., BOSTON, MASS.

Our Great Clubbing Offer!

THE MAINE FARMER,	$1.00	ALL FOR
THE HOUSEKEEPER,	.50	$1.50
BUCKEYE COOKERY,	.50	
	$2.00	

A DELIGHTFUL COMPANION.

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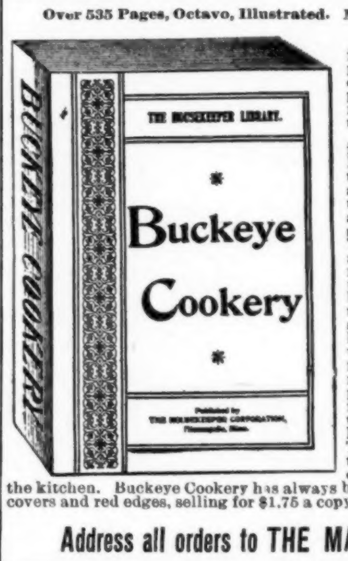

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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The *Maine Farmer* will sell at a low price the STANDARD DICTIONARY, two volumes, well bound, just received from the publishers.

Grange News.

Maine State Grange.
State Master,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
State Overseer,
F. S. ADAMS, Bowdoin.
State Lecturer,
ELIJAH COOK, Vassalboro.
State Secretary,
E. H. LIBBY, Auburn, Dirigo P. O.
Executive Committee,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
E. H. LIBBY, Auburn
HON. B. F. BRIGGS, Auburn.
L. W. JOSE, Dexter
D. O. BOWEN, Morrill.
BOYDEN BEARCE, East Eddington.

Grange Gatherings.
Jan. 27—Sagadahoc Pomona, Bowdoin.
Feb. 6—Oxford Pomona, Bryant's Pond.
Feb. 8—York Pomona, Saco.
Feb. 10—Cumberland Pomona, Gray.
Feb. 13—Somerset Pomona, Anson.
Feb. 14.—Kennebec Pomona, Readfield.

Knox County Pomona grange held its January session at Burkettville, January 13th, with Medomak Valley grange. An interesting meet was reported.

The very able eulogy on Bro. B. F. Briggs, by Mr. J. L. Lowell, delivered at the meeting of the Board of Agriculture, will be given in our next issue.

At last session of White Oak grange, No. Warren, resolutions of respect were adopted in memory of Bro. Elijah Cook, a copy of same being sent to the bereaved family, and the charter of the grange draped for 30 days.

At the last regular meeting in Dec., of Kennebec Valley grange, Madison, the following officers were elected:
Master—R S McKenney.
Overseer—E M Ames.
Lecturer—L J Blackwell.
Steward—Wm Gorden.
Assistant Steward—J F Chandler.
Chaplain—Eva J Wasson.
Treasurer—D I Walker.
Secretary—Mrs J S Blackwell.
Gate Keeper—F F Moore.
Pomona—Mrs R S McKenney.
Flora—Mrs D I Walker.
Ceres—Mrs Wm Gorden.
L A Steward—Edith Barron.

Verona Grange commences the year 1900 with renewed courage and enthusiasm, much of which they derive from their delegates attending the state meeting. Jan. 13th, Hancock Pomona convened with Verona Grange, holding one of the best meetings in the history of the Pomona. Numerous delegates from all sections of the county and visiting patrons from Waldo and Penobscot Counties made the meeting one long to be remembered as a "red letter day" to the members of Verona Grange.

Parkman grange is in a healthy flourishing condition; all members wide awake to the best interests of the order. We have for the past year held regular meetings Wednesday evenings of each week and continue the same course the ensuing year. We have added 13 very worthy members to our ranks in 1899. There is a goodly number of intelligent active young people in our midst who add much interest to every meeting, and the first Wednesday evening of each month we term "Young People's Meeting." They prepare and render the programme for this evening, and after the regular meeting the doors are thrown open to invited visitors, when the entertainment is given followed by a social which all enjoy very much. During the past year we have organized a degree team and find it a very pleasing and enjoyable feature, and feel well repaid for the time spent in drilling, which when doing initiatory work adds much to the usual form.

GOOD MATERIAL FOR DISCUSSION.

The Committee on Taxation and Legislation at the State Grange presented the following specific questions for discussion by the patrons of Maine, who feel the necessity for greater economy in state, county and town expenditures, as well as the re-adjustment of the tax problem. What measures to favor, what to oppose, can be decided only after thorough discussion. The expense attending an officer and department, the saving possible by abolishment or change, the volume of the fees and the benefits of published accounts are all matters for investigation, not for immediate decision. Gather in the facts, find out the expense, measure the value of the service rendered and then decide the questions upon their merits.

1st. The abolishment of the Governor's Council.

2d. The creation of the office of State Auditor and election of an officer whose duty it shall be to critically examine the itemized accounts presented.

3d. The publishing yearly of the itemized account of each and every State department.

4th. The repeal of all laws establishing fees, save those only for serving legal processes and the substitution of fixed salaries for all state, county and municipal officers.

5th. The passage of a law requiring local assessors to publish yearly the personal property list within thirty days after the inventory of the same is completed.

6th. The absolute checking of all legislation looking to appropriations for more than two years' time, thereby covering only the life of the legislature and leaving each legislature free to act for the best interests of the state and responsible for every dollar appropriated.

7th. The re-adjustment of the systems of taxation prevailing in the state, touching real and personal property, railroads, steam and electric, express companies, wild lands, Pullman cars, electric light and heat companies, water companies and all other classes of property in accordance with the market value of same and in harmony with that eternal principle of justice which is at the foundation of good government.

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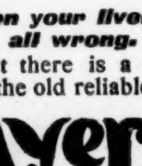

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S. E. WALWORK,
July 13, 1899. Salem, Mass.

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
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STATE GRANGE MATTERS.

The Executive Committee of the Maine State grange, at their recent meeting, adopted the following:

In obedience to the beautiful and fraternal custom of our Order, we pause in our labors to pay loving tribute to our departed brother, Elijah Cook, Worthy Lecturer of the Maine State grange. Words fail in expressing his devotion to the Order, his high christian character, and the love and respect of all who knew him.

"Pure Gold" but faintly represented his character, and the work for good, for home, for the noble principles of our Order which he so earnestly performed, has not been broken off, but will go on, and on, into eternity.

Resolved, these expressions of our regard be spread on our record and a copy be sent to the family of our departed brother.

Secretary E. H. Libby of Auburn, was appointed on the Experiment Station Council as the representative of the Maine State grange. R. D. Leavitt, Howe's Corner, was appointed a committee to receive invitations and specifications for the next annual session of the State grange and report at the next meeting of the executive committee. The general supervision of the deputy work of the state was divided as follows: York, Cumberland, Sagadahoc, Lincoln and Knox counties, E. H. Libby; Oxford, Franklin, Androscoggin and Kennebec counties, R. D. Leavittt; Penobscot, Hancock and Washington counties, Boyden Bearce; Aroostook and Piscataquis counties, Columbus Hayford; Somerset and Waldo counties, L. W. Jose; the whole subject to approval of the worthy master.

Instead of appointing a state lecturer the state officers have designated a number of representative patrons, who will respond as called upon, for lecture work, by the executive committee. All this means that the work of the year is to be organized in every department.

The state deputies in addition to those of 1899, are G. W. Q. Perham, H. W. Hook, R. D. Leavitt.

The following are the county deputies: Androscoggin, C. S. Stetson, Greene; W. S. Larrabee, Auburn. Aroostook, A. L. Haines, Jonathan Benn, Hodgdon. Cumberland, W. H. Rolfe, East Raymond. Franklin, C. N. French, Phillips; F. H. Rollins, Farmington Falls. Hancock, John Dority, Bluehill. Kennebec, F. S. Collins, West Gardiner; C. W. Crowell, Riverside. Knox, E. S. Stearns, Camden. Lincoln, D. O. Stahl, North Waldoboro. Oxford, J. F. Talbot, Andover; H. D. Hammond, Paris. Penobscot, J. M. Balentine, Brewer. Piscataquis, A. S. Sturtevant, East Dover. Sagadahoc, George Page, Richmond Corner; B. D Farnham, Woolwich. Somerset, F. L. Brown, Palmyra. Waldo, Arthur Boyd, Prospect; L. C. Morse, Liberty. Washington, B. F. Willey, Cherryfield; A. S. Farnsworth, West Pembroke. York, George H. Douglass, Cornish.

OFFICERS INSTALLED.

Pleasant Valley, No 136, West Bethel:
Master—Charles Dunham.
Overseer—W A Farwell.
Lecturer—E G Wheeler.
Steward—M M Mason.
Assistant Steward—S O Grover.
Chaplain—Mary A Dunham.
Treasurer—Alfreda M Farwell.
Secretary—Eudora M Mason.
Gate Keeper—H G Mason.
Pomona—Maud Merrow.
Flora—Esther S Verrill.
Ceres—Helen L Tyler.
L A Steward—Mrs E G Wheeler.

Oak Hill grange, Scarboro:
Master—Gustave A Johnson.
Overseer—Fred A Miller.
Lecturer—Mrs Benj Larrabee.
Treasurer—Charles W Libby.
Chaplain—Jesse R Newcomb.
Assistant Steward—A S Libby.
L A Steward—Miranda H Libby.
Ceres—Mrs Gustave A Johnson.

Worthy Past Master, E. S. Oliver conducted the installation service, assisted by Bro. T. C. Libby and Sister F. A. Jones. At the close a clam supper was served to all.

Freetown grange No. 191, Edgecomb:
Master—Woodbury A Smith.
Overseer—William A Cochran.
Lecturer—Frank M Dodge.
Steward—Parker Dodge.
Assistant Steward—Fred L Sherman.
Chaplain—Thomas S Haggett.
Treasurer—Alfred S Dodge.
Secretary—Chas T Somes.
Gate Keeper—Thomas Dodge.
Pomona—Fannie M Dodge.
Flora—Sarah E. Dodge.
Ceres—Dora M Smith.
L Asst Steward—Sadie A Shortwell.

Sister Jennie B. Somes installed, assisted by Sister Mary E. Sherman.

Verona grange, Bucksport:
Master—H J Harriman.
Overseer—George Allen.
Lecturer—H E Harriman.
Steward—F G. Ginn.
Assistant Steward—D. P. Farmer.
Chaplain—John Clement.
Treasurer—P Abbott.
Secretary—G W Shute.
Gate Keeper—E Harriman.
Ceres—Abbie Webster.
Pomona—Ellen Hall.
Flora—Emma Bennett.
L A Steward—Emily Farmer.

Installed by Prof. Raymond McFarland of E. M. C. S.

Willow Brook grange, Newfield:
Master—F B Woodward.
Overseer—L M Dunnells.
Lecturer—Fred W Towle.
Steward—A P Towle.
Assistant Steward—C H Patch.
Chaplain—Mrs M M Edison.
Treasurer—H G Scott.
Secretary—Miss Nellie C Emery.
Gate Keeper—S M Guptill.
Pomona—Mrs I H Moore.
Flora—Mrs H G Scott.
Ceres—Mrs F B Woodward.
L A Steward—Miss Alice L Edison.

Installed by L. O. Straw.

North Star grange, North Dixmont, will install officers as follows, Jan. 27. The year opens full of promise for growth, also possibility.
Master—Melvin Porter.
Overseer—U G Simpson.
Lecturer—Ruthan Porter.
Steward—Amos Simpson.
Assistant Steward—F L Bickford.
Chaplain—A E York.
Treasurer—A Tasker.
Secretary—John E Craig.
Gate Keeper—B F Simpson, 2d.
Pomona—Ida Simpson.
Flora—Angie Simpson.
Ceres—Liillian Tasker.
L A Steward—Flora Murphy.
Trustees—J N Hoit, Elnathan White, Fred Parsons.

District Deputy C. Hayford, by invitation of Caribou grange, installed the following officers:
Master—L E Tuttle.
Overseer—G G Burgess.
Lecturer—Miss Cora Sampson.
Steward—J F C Bagley.
Assistant Steward—Grover Hardison.
Chaplain—Mrs May Hardison.
Treasurer—M S Thomas.
Secretary—Mrs Ethel Hobbs.
Gate Keeper—E H Tuttle.
Pomona—Mrs Ellen Philbrick.
Ceres—Mrs Ellen Oldham.
Flora—Mrs Alice Lewis.
L A Steward—Miss Mabel Blackstone.

Perry grange, No. 324. Sister Jennie H. Frost, assisted by Bro. John Humphries, installed the following officers:
Master—F A McPhail.
Overseer—Geo H Hibbard.
Lecturer—Mrs Clara McDormand.
Steward—G P Ricker.
Assistant Steward—John T Clark.
Chaplain—Nath'l Clark
Treasurer—John Humphries.
Secretary—Walter B Selwood.
Gate Keeper—Lester C Selwood.
Pomona—Myra Newcomb.
Flora—Ethel Scribner.
Ceres—Mae Johnson.
L A Steward—Louise Cedarwall.

Pittsfield grange:
Master—Everett E Libby.
Overseer—Augustus Nelson.
Lecturer—Miss Helen Mains.
Steward—Frank Dyer.
Assistant Steward—Galen Maxim.
Chaplain—Mrs Mary Phillips.
Treasurer—Geo W Patten
Secretary—Mrs Annie M Frost.
Gate Keeper—Frank Fairbrother.
Pomona—Miss Minnie Patten.
Flora—Mrs Ada Noble.
Ceres—Miss Etta Nelson.
L. A. Steward—Mrs Eva Brooks.

Twilight grange, Corinna:
Master—S S Burrill.
Overseer—F E Gardiner.
Lecturer—Nettie Gardiner.
Steward—L G Burgess.
Assistant Steward—H W Knowles.
Chaplain—L F Gardiner.
Treasurer—Increase French.
Lecturer—Rose L. Tibbetts.
Gate Keeper—F G Smith.
Pomona Laura Jones.
Flora—Effie Jones
Ceres—Dora Burrill.
L. A. Steward—Sadie Winchester.

Mrs. R. H. Libby, Newport, installing officer, and a good time enjoyed by all present.

Narramissic grange, Orland, No 224:
Master—J Wesley Eldridge.
Overseer—A H Dresser.
Lecturer—J S Condon.
Steward—Albion Soper.
Assistant Steward—A G Page.
Chaplain—A B Hutchins.
Treasurer—Clara W Soper.
Secretary—Melissa J Page.
Gate Keeper—Homer Hutchins.
Ceres—Clara M Hutchins.
Pomona—Cynthia L Hayward.
Flora—Sarah F. Eldridge.
L. A. Steward—Myra E Dresser.

Castine grange:
Master—J W Bowden.
Overseer—Bradley Morgrage.
Lecturer—Mrs Addie Bowden.
Steward—John S Snow.
Assistant Steward—E L Redman.
Chaplain—Mrs Nettie H Perkins.
Treasurer—Wilson Bowden.
Secretary—J Y Perkins.
Gate Keeper—James Hatch.
Ceres—Amanda Webster.
Pomona—Mrs Nora L Bowden.
Flora—Mrs Annie B Snow.
L. A. Steward—Eva Blake.

Parkman Grange No. 305:
Master—M E Drake.
Overseer—A S Whitney.
Lecturer—Nettie L Drake.
Steward—J B Leighton.
Assistant Steward—Frank Loring.
Chaplain—Elisha Briggs.
Treasurer—Elwin F Straw.
Secretary—Anna H Loring.
Gate-keeper—Claire McKusick.
Pomona—Mary F McKusick.
Flora—Lizzie E R Leighton.
Ceres—Ouna F Nutting.
L A Steward—Faye Loring.
Trustees—A S Merrill, W S McKusick, C H Loring.
Organist—Velma Rollins.
Librarian—Annie Merrill.

A baked bean and pastry supper was highly enjoyed with a few invited friends previous to the installation. Next a well prepared and finely rendered programme was listened to with much interest, followed by a social hour.

Granite Grange No 192, held a public installation at No. Searsport, Jan. 9.

Past Master Nickerson, assisted by Martha Matthews, installed the following officers:
Master—William J Matthews.
Overseer—Lester Dow.
Lecturer—Julia Dow.
Steward—Benj Robertson.
Chaplain—Mary Robertson.
Treasurer—John Boyd.
Secretary—F M Black.
Gate Keeper—H M Black.
L Asst Steward—Gussie Green.
Asst Steward—Chester Trundy.
Ceres—Mrs W J Matthews.
Pomona—Mrs E B Thayer.
Flora—Mrs F M Nickerson.

After the installation all were invited to dining room where a bountiful dinner had been prepared.

After dinner the Grange was called to order and we listened to the following programme:

Remarks by retiring officers; Singing by the Choir; Recitation; Florence Murphy; Reading; Mrs. Putnam; Reading Carrie Stinson; Story; Capt. Nickerson; Reading; Rosa Russell; Reading; Mrs. Putnam.

The officers of Danville Junction grange were installed last Saturday evening by Past Master W. S. Larrabee, assisted by Past Master Bro. George E. Sparrow and Sister Alice A. Adams. It was a stormy night but every officer was present and we had an attendance of forty-five.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, was selected for the installation of the officers of Wilson grange, East Wilton, for the year 1900, who had been elected as follows:
Master—E E Hardy.
Overseer—C W Adams.
Lecturer—Persie E Adams.
Steward—A A Hosmer.
Assistant Steward—H A Walker.
Chaplain—Jennie C Fletcher.
Treasurer—Charlena R Adams.
Secretary—Abbie A Macomber.
Gate Keeper—R B Parsons.
Ceres—Sadie J Hardy.
Pomona—Alice O Hosmer.
Flora—Flora E Thompson
L. A. Steward—Mrs H A Walker.

Past Master Bro. P. E. Hinds was chosen to install the officers, which he did, with the assistance of Bro. Wm. Woodcock as aid, in a very easy, pleasing manner. The installation ceremony was followed by refreshments of coffee, cake and fruit, which was so much appreciated by the brothers that they called for "something to eat at every meeting" and decided to hold a special meeting one week from date and have a hulled corn supper.

At the annual meeting of Aroostook Co. Pomona grange, held with Fort Fairfield grange, Jan. 20th, the following officers were elected and installed by Past Master H. S. Hardison:
Master—L E Tuttle.
Overseer—H C Townsend.
Lecturer—B R Blackstone.
Steward—D W Gilman.
Assistant Steward—O B Griffin.
Chaplain—Sumner Seabury.
Treasurer—A L Haines.
Secretary—Ernest T McGlauflin.
Gate Keeper—Geo F Reynolds.
Ceres—Mrs L E Tuttle.
Pomona—Jennie Munce.
Flora—Mrs B R Blackstone.
L. A. Steward—Laura Irvine.

Seven Tree grange, No. 176, Union:
Master—R K Sayward.
Overseer—Warren Smalley.
Secretary—Josie Thurston.
Lecturer—Ivah Lenfest.
Treasurer—H Hemenway.
Steward—Zerose Robbins.
Assistant Steward—R H Lenfest.
L. A. Steward—Eva Waite.

White Oak grange, No. 182, North Warren:
Master—F A Perry, Jr.
Overseer—F O Jameson.
Secretary—Aggie Stevens.
Lecturer—Grace K Perry.
Treasurer—E F Benney.
Steward—E E Bowes.
Assistant Steward—Willis Moody.
L. A. Steward—Lena Kalloch.

Charleston grange:
Master—Geo Plummer.
Overseer—R B Richardson.
Lecturer—W M King.
Steward—E A Lamson.
Assistant Steward—Blaine Lord.
Chaplain—H R Howes.
Treasurer—David O Pearl.
Secretary—Geo H Russell.
Gate Keeper—Chas Gregory.
Pomona—Sybil Richardson.
Flora—Rose M Richardson.
Ceres—Ethel C Pearl.
L. A. Steward—Flora M Walker.

Installed by J. L. Herrick.

New Sharon grange:
Master—Maurice A Dunn.
Overseer—Fred Hale.
Lecturer—Mrs Abbie Soule.
Steward—Geo W Storer.
Assistant Steward—A W Morrill.
Chaplain—Mrs J Furber.
Treasurer—Samuel York.
Secretary—Ina M York.
Gate Keeper—Martin F Storer.
Pomona—Mrs Ada Dunn.
Flora—Mrs Nettie Hale.
Ceres—Mrs J George.
L. A. Steward—Mrs Carrie Quimby.

Escutarsis Grange No 231, East Lowell.
Master—C G Jewell.
Overseer—Mrs O H Wakefield.
Lecturer—J L Pierce.
Steward—J W Fox.
A L Steward—L D Shorey.
Chaplain—Mrs Thomas Shorey.
Treasurer—Mrs J L Pierce.
Secretary—Mrs J W Fox.
Gate Keeper—Cecil L Pierce.
Pomona—Mrs Job Folsom.
Flora—Mrs Chandler Douglass.
Ceres—Mrs C G Jewell
L A Steward—Mrs F O Bachelder.
Organist—Mrs C M Applebee.
Asst Organist—Mrs Job Folsom.

Installed by Past Master J. L. Pierce assisted by Past Master S. H. Dam.

At the close a grand collation of oysters, cake, and coffee was served

A good entertainment followed. Escutarsis Grange is booming having added fourteen new members the past eight months.

Wescustogo grange, North Yarmouth, No. 27:

It was voted to invite New Gloucester grange to meet with us at the installation of our officers, and hold an all day meeting. Owing to the bad travelling only few were present. At noon all sat down to a bountifully spread table, after which the meeting was called to order by W. M. Barstow. Then followed the installation by Bro. Seth Sweetsir of New Gloucester, which was done in an able manner.
Master—N S Shurtleff.
Overseer—J F Strout.
Lecturer—E J Skillin.
Chaplain—J S Barstow.
Assistant Steward—Lincoln Strout.
Secretary—Howard Cole.
Treasurer—E S Skillin.
Gate Keeper—J T Kimball.
Ceres—Mrs N S Shurtleff.
Pomona—B E Leighton.
L. A. Steward—Jennie Strout.

Following which the following entertainment was listened to: Quotations; singing; reading, Fannie Skillin; recitation, Clifford Sawyer; recitation, Stella Strout; singing; reading, poem, by Lincoln Strout; recitation, Elmer Sawyer; original paper, Mrs. Sweetsir; recitation, Stella Strout; song, Alice Leighton; reading, Mrs. Lizzie Johnson; reading, Bro. Sweetsir of New Gloucester; singing; remarks by several of the Bros.; after which the meeting was closed in due form, all going home feeling that they had spent a profitable as well as an enjoyable day.

For the land's sake—use Bowker's fertilizers. They enrich the earth.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc. These ailments all arise from a disordered or abused condition of the stomach and liver.

Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Sick Headache, Disordered Liver, etc.,

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs: Strengthening the Muscular System, restoring the long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of Appetite, and arousing with the ***Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy*** of the human frame. For throwing off fevers they are specially renowned. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that ***Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. This has been achieved without the publication of testimonials, the fact being that Beecham's Pills recommend themselves.***

Beecham's Pills have for many years been the popular family medicine wherever the English language is spoken, and they now stand without a rival.

10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.
Annual sale 6,000,000 boxes.

Market Reports.

REPORT OF WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]
LIVE STOCK YARDS, Jan. 25, 1900

Maine Drovers	Hogs.	Cattle	Sheep	Veals.
Maine. At Brighton.				
P. A. Berry,		14		20
Libby Bros.,		28	25	30
A. W. Stanley,		14		13
M. D. Stockman,		6		16
S. Tracy,		6		35
W. A. Gleason,		18		18
M. D. Holt & Son,		24	152	34
E. E. Chapman,			200	
H. M. Lowe,		8		73
B. G. McIntire,			145	
Thompson & Hanson,		33	12	50
New Hampshire. At Brighton.				
J. H. Neal,		12		10
A. C. Foss,		16	86	7
At N. E. D. M. & Wool Co.				
Stranger,		10		
C. C. Shaw,		17		
A. F. Jones & Co.,	40	20		50
W. Swain,		17		
Geo. Harris,		18		
At Watertown.				
Courser & Sanborn,		17		3
J. C. Wilkins,		4	12	11
Breck & Wood,		18		29
W. F. Wallace,	1	40	7	150

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 1,106; sheep, 6,243; hogs, 23,124; veals, 1,127; horses, 415.

Last week:

Cattle, 2,362; sheep, 8,419; hogs, 25,931; veals, 1,072; horses, 326.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 151; sheep, 534; hogs, —; veals, 279; horses, 70.

LIVE STOCK EXPORTS TO OLD ENGLAND.

Shipments were confined to one steamer for London that took out 602 cattle and 85 horses. Latest quotations were 11¾@12¾c, dressed weight, at London, and 12½c at Liverpool.

CONDITION OF THE MARKET.

Cattle for beef are again this week slow of sale, butchers were indifferent about buying, good oxen were sold at 5½c and butchers would not pay over 6c for anything, no matter how good. Beef cows, 2@3¼c; canners some less than range. Only one steamer with export cattle this coming week.

The market for sheep and lambs is very quiet, 5,200 head of western of good weight well fatted nearly fill the bill this week. These western are actually worth 1c a lb. more than New England flocks being hog fat, and very light shrinkers cost in Chicago, $6@6.20 per cwt. for lambs; $5@5.10 per cwt. for yearlings, and $4.40@4.75 per cwt. for sheep.

The hog market is quite firm as quoted still the pork market in the city is nothing to boast of. Western cost 4¼@4⅝c, live weight, and local hogs 5¼@5½c.

Veal calves are in good demand on account of light supply. Prices rule from 3½@7c, mostly at 6@6½c. Butchers could use more if in the market.

Milch cows are not selling with much activity, as yet the demand is light and only the best grades find a ready sale. Cows closed out very slow last Wednesday, even at low rates for common lots. For choice cows the range is from $50@70; extra cows, $40@48 and common cows, $20@38.

The horse market is very quiet and the requirements are light on common to fair goods, but good heavy truck horses in fine demand at good prices, $150@250 a head; common, from $50@90.

MAINE SALES.

Thompson & Hanson sold 12 lambs of 60 lbs. at 5½c. S. Tracy sold 32 calves of 3400 lbs. at 6¼c. M. D. Stockman sold 14 calves, 1530 lbs. at 6½c. P. A. Berry sold 10 calves of 110 lbs. at 6¼c. Libby Bros. sold 3 choice cows at $52 a head; 5 good cows at $42@45; 10 cows at $25@35.

REMARKS.

For the next two or three weeks shipments of cattle will be light on account of a scarcity of steamers to take them over, therefore cattle from the West will not be one-half the usual amount. They will come in sufficient numbers for all home purposes, but exports will be light. The supply of live stock from Maine was unusually light but dealers knew that milch cows were not wanted and if the usual supply came in they would have to be sold under price, but now the milch cow traffic is in better shape, the demand somewhat better, and there is no reason why Maine should not market 200 head of calves a week through the balance of cold weather. Butchers were disappointed in the amount of live stock from the East, making their calculation of thus and so from this and that drover.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

With not over one half a supply usually at market, the market for milch cows was scarcely any improved from the previous week. The roads were icy and bad moving the stock after being sold. Wardwell & McIntire sold 2 extra cows at $45 each, and cows from $35@42. Libby Bros. sold 3 choice milkers at $52 a head; 10 cows and springers at $35@45. A. W. Stanley sold a lot of slim calves at 5½c; 1 good cow, $40, and some cows from $25@38. Harris & Fellows sold milch cows from $30@45. J. S. Henry sold 5 nice milch cows at $55; 2 at $50; 10 cows from $40@46; 10 cows from $25@38. M. D. Stockman sold 2 extra cows at $40 each; was asking for 3 Holstein of about 2 cans a day each at $45. R. Connors sold 10 springers at $45 a head.

Store Pigs—A few suckers at $1.50@2.25. Shoats at $3.50@5.50.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

BOSTON, Jan. 24, 1900.

Flour is firmer than last week, the advance being on low grades. Corn continues unchanged and oats dull.

Hay, Straw and Millfeed.

Hay is steady; straw steady; millfeed firm and selling better; hay, $15@17.50; fancy and jobbing, $17@18; rye straw, $14.50@15; sack spring bran $18.25; winter, $19; middlings, $17.25@19.50; mixed feed, $18.75@20; cottonseed meal, to arrive, $26; linseed meal, $27.50.

Pork.

Pork in fair demand, prices steady. City dressed hogs, 6⅝@6⅞c; country, 5½@5¾.

Beef.

There is more beef selling, but prices still favor the buyer: Choice sides, 8¾@9c; good, 8@8½c; light, 7@7½c.

Muttons, Lambs and Veal.

Lambs and muttons continue easy: Lambs, 5@7c; Brightons and eastern, 5½@7½c; yearlings, 4@5½c; muttons, 4½@5½c; fancy and Brightons, 5½@6c; veals, 8@10c; fancy Brightons, 10½@11c.

Poultry.

Poultry is about steady, with a quiet trade: Northern turkeys, 12@15c; western, 10@13c; northern chickens, 14@16½c; fowl, 10@12c; western chickens, 10@12c; fowl, 9@11c; capons, 13@15c; green ducks, 10@12c; green geese, 10@12c; live fowl, 10@11c; chickens, 9@10c.

Eggs.

Eggs are easy, with fresh coming from the West, even before they get here from the South, and much earlier than usual: Storage, 10@12c; western fresh, 20@21c; eastern, 21@22c; nearby and fancy, 25@28c; jobbing, 1@1½c higher.

IF YOU COMPARE THE PRICES AND CAPACITIES OF THE IMPROVED UNITED STATES SEPARATORS

with those of other makes and bear in mind that the U. S., in addition to GIVING MORE FOR THE MONEY, SKIM CLEANER, RUN EASIER, LAST LONGER, you must acknowledge that the U. S. are the BEST and MOST PROFITABLE SEPARATORS TO BUY.

1900 or "New Century" Prices and Capacities.

No. 9.	Low Frame.	Capacity	150 to 175 lbs.,	$50.00
No. 8.	"	"	225 to 250 "	$65.00
No. 7.	High	"	275 to 300 "	$85.00
No. 6.	"	"	350 to 400 "	$100.00
No. 5.	"	"	450 to 500 "	$125.00
No. 3½.	"	"	650 to 700 "	$165.00

We furnish a complete line of Dairy and Creamery Apparatus. Catalogues free for the asking.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

Beans.

New York reports a firmer bean market, but quotations here are not yet further advanced: Carload lots, pea and medium, $2.25@2.30; small pea, $2.35@$2.40; yellow eyes, $2.40@2.45; California small white, $2.30@2.35; jobbing, 10c more.

Apples.

Apples are quiet, with prices unchanged: Gravensteins, $3@3.50; Baldwins, $2.50@3; Greenings, $2.25@3; Kings, $2.50@3; Spies, $2@3; Tallman Sweets, $2@3; Snows, $2.50@3.50; No. 2 and mixed varieties, $1.25@1.75; jobbing and fancy lots, 50c@$1.50 per bbl. more.

Potatoes.

Potatoes are certainly about 1c easier, though quotations are not yet changed: Aroostook Hebrons, 63@65c; Green Mountains, 53c.

Butter.

The butter market has recovered from the excitement incident to the break last week, and trade for several days past has been progressing on a steady basis at the decline. There is no upward tendency, and the improved feeling is confined to the restoration of confidence and the more free operations of buyers.

There is a scarcity of strictly fancy creamery, and those who have this kind can get a little more than the general price, but after carefully looking the market over we consider 26c a full rate for Vermont and New Hampshire creamery in assorted size tubs, and 26½@27c in boxes.

Jobbers are meeting the wants of their customers at 27@28c for tubs and 28@29c for boxes, with a moderate trade.

Cheese.

There has been a steady demand for cheese, with no change in prices. Buyers have been taking lots as wanted for immediate use at 13c for fine September twins and other makes at 12@12¾c.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

The past week has been a quiet one, although the business has slightly exceeded that of the previous week. Manufacturers are not free buyers, and there is not much interest manifest in the market. Dealers are still having quite firm views with regard to the market, and in only a few instances have buyers been able to secure anything desirable under the regular price.

The market for the sale of woolen goods has opened fully as well as expected, and good sized orders have been placed on different variety of goods, and this condition of things is a matter of encouragement to the wool trade. Then, too, the money market is in some respects easier, all which tend in the right direction, with a knowledge that stock on hand is light. The demand is running to wools grading ¼@⅜ blood, and prices of these wools are quite firm with sales noted at 30c.

But little doing in fine washed fleeces. Prices are really unchanged and nothing moving at over 36c for xx and above. Ohio Michigan and Ohio No. 1 are slow of sales and only a small lot has been taken at 37@39c, and some Ohio delaine is reported to have been sold at 37@38c. In fine unwashed there is but little trade. Some Ohio noticed at 25@26c. A good inquiry for ¼@⅜ blood; ⅜ have sold at 30c, and ¼ blood at 29c, and some inquiry for coarse unwashed at 23@25c.

For territory wools the market has been noticeably quieter. Montana wools have found sale at 20c. Graded fine medium clothing, containing some staple, and taken at 1½c lower than two weeks previous. The clean cost of the wool was 60c; for finer grade as to quality, up to 70c. Scoured wools, a fair demand, at prices from 55@60c. Pulled wools are quiet at prices from 38@58c, including A's, B's and C's.

Receipts and sales of the week: The receipts, 6 916 bales, and the sales were 2,965,000 lbs.

Prices on domestic wools:
Ohio xx and above, 36c.
No. 1 wools, 37@39c.
Delaine wools, 35@38c.
Fine unwashed and unmerch., 25@29c.
¼, ⅜ and ½ blood, 27@30c.
Spring Texas, 18@21c.
California, 15@22c.
Territory, 15@25c.
Pulled, 25@50c.
Scoured, 40@60c.
Odds and ends, 12@30.

Foreign Wools.
Australian, 36@43c.
Cape, 50c.
Carpet wools, 14@20c.

PORTLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24, 1900.

Corn, oats and millfeed steady. Pork and lard firm. Hides ½c cheaper. Potatoes steady. Apples dull. Poultry easy. Hay firm, both pressed and loose. Butter lower. Cheese firm. Eggs lower.

APPLES—Eating apples, $2.25@3.25 per bbl. Dried, 6@7c. Evaporated, 8½@10½c per lb.

BUTTER—Creamery, 26@27c; Vermont dairy, 24@25c.

BEANS—Maine pea, $2.40@2.50; California pea, $2.50@2.55; Yellow Eyes, $2.50@$2.55.

CHEESE—Sage, 15c; Vermont dairy, 13½@14c.

FLOUR—Low grades, $2.65@2.80. Spring wheat, $3.35@3.50; patent Spring wheat, 4.25@4.45; Michigan straight roller, $3.85@4.00; winter wheat patents, $4.10@4.25.

FISH—Cod, Shore, $4.75@5.00; herring, per box, 12@16c.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots, 43½@44c; bag lots, 46@47c; oats, car lots, 33@33½c; bag lots, 35@36c; meal, bag lots, 44@45c; shorts, sack, car lots, $18@18.50; shorts, bag lots, $19@19.50; middlings, $18@20; middlings, bag lots, $19@21.00; cottonseed meal, car lots, $25.00; bag lots, $26.00.

LARD—Bbl., pure, 7¼@7¾c; pails, compd, 6⅞@7⅜c; pails, pure, 7¾@8c; pure leaf, 9¼@10c.

POTATOES—60@68c per bush.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 10@12c; chickens, 12@13c; turkeys, 12@14c; eggs, 20@22c; beef, 6½@8½c; pork backs, $14.00; hams, 10½@11c; mutton, 5½@6c.

AUGUSTA CITY PRODUCE MARKET.

[Corrected Jan. 24, for the Maine Farmer, by G. W. Walleigh.]

Cheese higher. New domestic cheese firm. Eggs steady. Potatoes in good demand. Butter in good supply. Fowl plenty. Chickens in better demand. Pork steady. Veal firm.

BEANS—Western pea beans, $2.25 Yellow Eyes, $2.25.

BUTTER—Ball butter, 20c. Creamery, 25c.

CHEESE—Factory, 13c; Sage, 14c.

EGGS—Fresh, 20c per dozen.

IF You would know The Whole Truth, Read between the lines.

When BILIOUS, DYSPEPTIC, NERVOUS or CONSTIPATED, there is one certain cure, The True "L.F." Atwood's Bitters.

See that you get the "L.F." kind.

KENNEBEC COUNTY... *In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of January, 1900.*

JASPER S. GRAY, Executor of the last will and testament of L. JANE GRAY, late of China, in said County, deceased, having presented his final account as Executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

13 G. T. STEVENS, *Judge.*
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY... *In Probate Court at Augusta, in vacation, Jan. 23, 1900.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of BENJAMIN SPAULDING, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

G. T. STEVENS, *Judge.*
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, *Register.* 13

Annual Meeting New England Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the New England Agricultural Society will be held at Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., at 10.30 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, February 6th, 1900, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business that may properly come before it.

LEANDER F. HERRICK, Sec'y.
FRANCIS H. APPLETON, Pres. 2t12

HEADQUARTERS —FOR—

Gasoline Engines, Ensilage Cutters, Horse Powers, Windmills, Tanks, Pumps, Etc.

Write us your wants.

LUNT & MOSS, 21 So Market St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—MARCH 1st.

Married man (no children), to work under present foreman. Must be strictly sober, practical stock feeder, good milker, and understand poultry raising. Wife to board help; must be good cook. Everything furnished. Permanent position to industrious people. State wages expected. 6t13

HILLSIDE FARM, Greenville Maine.

Wall Papers by Mail:

Send for *Free Samples* of beautiful designs direct from the wholesalers, and *SAVE* 25%

OREN HOOPER'S SONS,
The Household Outfitters, Portland, Me.

A RARE CHANCE.

Red Polled cattle for sale. Great bargain. Bull 1 year old and Heifer 2 years, Heifer 1 year, 5 April Heifer calves and 5 April Steer calves. All well bred. Low price for the 13. Apply immediately to S. H. NASH, Bangor, Me.

LARD—In pails, best, 9¾@10c.

PROVISIONS—Wholesale — Clear salt pork, $11.50 per bbl.; beef per side, 8½; ham, smoked, 10½c; fowl, 10c; veal, 8c; round hog, 5½c; lamb, 8c. Spring chickens, 13@14c.

POTATOES—40@45c per bush.

CABBAGES—2@2½c per lb.

BEETS—¾c per lb.

TURNIPS—40c per bush.

APPLES—$2.50 per bbl.

CRANBERRIES—$7.00@800 per bbl.

AUGUSTA HAY, GRAIN AND WOOL MARKET.

[Corrected Jan. 24, for the Maine Farmer by B. F. Parrott & Co.]

STRAW—Pressed, $9; loose, $5@6.

SHORTS—95c per hundred, $19.00 ton lots. Mixed Feed, $1.

WOOL—23c per lb.; spring lamb skins, 65c@$1.00; calf skins, 11c per lb.

COTTON SEED MEAL—Bag lots, $1.30; $26, ton lots.

CHICAGO GLUTEN MEAL—Ton lots, $24; bag lots, $1.50; Buffalo, ton lots, $18, bag lots, $1.25.

FLOUR—Full winter patents, $4.25; Spring patents, $4.25; roller process, straight, $3.85@4.00; low grade $2.50@340.

SUGAR—$5.15 per hundred.

HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed, $12.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 8c; ox hides, 8c; bulls and stags, 7c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime, $1.10 per cask; cement, $1.45.

HARD WOOD—Dry, $5@5.50; green $3.00@4.00.

GRAIN—Corn, 47½c; meal, bag lots, 85c.

OATS—72c, bag lots.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C C C. fail, druggists refund money.

Salzer's Rape gives Rich, green food, at 25c. a ton.

Speltz—What is it? Catalog tells.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS
FARM SEEDS
Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce.
Mahlon Luther, E. Troy, Pa., astonished the world by growing 250 bushels Big Four Oats; J. Breider, Mishicott, Wis., 173 bus. barley; and H. Lovejoy, Red Wing, Minn., by growing 320 bush. Salzer's corn per acre. If you doubt, write them. We wish to gain 200,000 new customers, hence will send on trial
10 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 10c.
10 pkgs of rare farm seeds, Salt Bush, the 3-eared Corn—Speltz, producing 80 bush. food and 4 tons hay per acre—above oats and barley. Bromus Inermis—the greatest grass on earth; Salzer says so. Rape, Spring Wheat, &c., including our mammoth Plant, Fruit and Seed Catalog, telling all about Salzer's Great Million Dollar Potato, all mailed for 10c. postage; positively worth $10 to get a start. Seed Potatoes $1.20 a bbl. and up.
35 pkgs earliest vegetable seeds, $1.00.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE WIS.

Please send this adv. with 10c. to Salzer.

Catalog alone, 5c. F.-76

THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING

Vol. LXVIII.

Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

A grade Shorthorn cow at the Wisconsin station last year, in a twelve months' test, beat all other cows with a record of five hundred and six pounds of butter.

New Hampshire has a wide-tire law which came into force with the new year. The width of tire required is graded according to weight of load carried up to six inches in width for a load of four to six tons.

It is well known that extreme cold affects trees and plants very much more in the absence of the usual amount of water in the soil. This being the case, unusual damage may be looked for this winter especially if extreme cold should at any time prevail.

We have repeatedly claimed that choice, bright, clean clover hay was worth for sheep feeding substantially as much as wheat bran. A noted western feeder, Mr. Joseph E. Wing, now follows up with an endorsement of this view as applying to alfalfa hay. He says, "we buy little wheat bran now; alfalfa cut early and cured nicely is worth as much ton for ton." Unfortunately for Maine, the supply of clover hay is short this winter on account of the drought last summer.

Sheep require fine hay for a fodder ration in winter, and if made up of a mixture of different kinds of grasses all the better. Fine clover hay is the best, but as that is not always available, other hay, fine, bright and free from coarse grasses makes a good substitute. Coarse herds grass or coarse clover cannot be fed to sheep to advantage. Horses and colts can take care of that kind of hay. From now out, sheep require the best of care. Above all else keep them dry. They need no protection from cold provided the air is pure and their feet are kept dry. In cold weather there is no better place to feed them than on the clean snow.

Given a good herd of cattle or a fine flock of sheep the next thing in importance is a skillful feeder. Choice stock loses much of its superiority if not fed and cared for by competent hands. It was said of one of the best breeders of Shorthorns that his herdsman, set up at auction, would have sold for more than any of his cattle. The skillful feeder must have an intense love for his charge; his mind, his highest thought and deepest concern [illegible] ness, and in this way alone will that watchful care be given that will detect every want and note with accuracy the result of every step of the process. There is a wide difference between the exercise of skill and the mere act of giving stock enough to eat.

POMOLOGICAL MEETING AT NEW GLOUCESTER.

The success attending the supplementary winter meeting and prize exhibition of the State Pomological Society at New Gloucester, reported in our issue of last week, is cumulative evidence of the enlarged usefulness of the society under its new methods of work. While the exercises were seriously disarranged by the lamented death of Secretary Cook, and also by the sickness of one of the managers and lecturers, yet substitutes were provided so that the exercises of the occasion met no interruption from the change in necessary arrangements to be made. The meeting was not only eminently successful but was instructive and helpful throughout to the large number of fruit growers and other citizens in attendance on the occasion.

New Gloucester has long been noted for its fine fruit, more especially apples. There has been located some of the most skillful producers of this fruit known in the state and from their orchards have annually gone out large quantities of the best apples found in our markets. The programme was therefore bearing directly on this best of all fruits and the leading fruit producers in the vicinity. If any different order of exercises would have been called for it seems that it would have to have been given more time to a consideration of some of the vitally important points affecting the leading feature of the fruit industry of the locality. There never was a time when apple growing needed more encouragement, or more intelligent study in all that pertains to it, than at present, and there is no more opportune time or place than in the midst of those engaged in the business.

A DAY WITH CONNECTICUT DAIRYMEN.

One needs to go away from home if he would get a correct idea of the spirit, purpose and methods that are at work shaping and controlling kindred interests as found elsewhere. It was this that induced us to accept an invitation to spend a day with the dairymen of Connecticut on the occasion of their annual state dairy convention, held at their capital city of Hartford. While the state of Connecticut is properly known as a manufacturing state rather than a dairy section, yet she has